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THE MIRROR

VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1900.

NO. 10

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

VOL. 10—No. 10.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1900.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror.

Published every Thursday at 812-813 Security Building. Telephones: Main 2147; Kinloch, A 24.

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by The American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Orders, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed to J. J. SULLIVAN, Business Manager.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES: MICHAEL MONAHAN, 874 Broadway, cor. 18th st., New York City. A. LENALIE, 939 Eighth Avenue, Van Dyck Building, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLET, number eight, devoted to an essay, entitled "IN HIS STEPS," which was delayed in publication, will be ready for distribution to subscribers on Saturday next. The issue will be valuable for preservation as a record of the recent great craze over the query, "What Would Jesus Do?" Then, too, the essay may give comfort to many who believe that the world's interest in religion is declining.

Number Nine of The Mirror Pamphlets, for the month of May, will be ready for distribution about the tenth. It will be the first of The Mirror Pamphlets to touch in any way upon politics, but the politics of it will be of such a sort as to offend only those whom it is well to offend on some things. The title of the May number of the Pamphlet will be this—"BE A COWARD!"

The Mirror Pamphlets are sold at 5 cents per copy. They are mailed from the MIRROR office to any address upon receipt of price.

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HUBBARD AND HIS GOSPEL.

A CRITICISM OF THE MAN OF EAST AURORA.

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, one of the prophets of the better day for everybody, has been to the city and gone. There has been always a suspicion of pose about Mr. Hubbard. The man, upon nearer acquaintance, dispels the suspicion.

There is no fake about him. He believes in his work. He believes in humanity. He believes in himself. For all his canny methods in business, the man has something rapt about him. There's a flash of the fire of poetic madness in him. He has a leaning towards mysticism. He believes in inspiration. He talks of his psychic sense as one to whom it is a great and grave verity. The jocose Hubbard is the most superficial. The true man is earnest, almost solemn. When he talks of certain things his face is that of one who sees celestial things. The contrast between the brashness of some of his writing and his personal diffidence is startling in the extreme. His abstraction is appalling when you remember his effusive writing. He talks with a queer combination of "horse sense" and "the moving of the spirit." His personality is hypnotic—more especially upon the women.

Practical as Hubbard is, there is much of the seer about him. He's *David Harum* and Emerson. He is Walt Whitman and Ruskin. He is strangely of the vulgar, and frustratingly transcendental, brutally strong, and softly feminine—not effeminate.

As he talks of his work the hearer realizes that Hubbard did not set out to put theories into his work. The work came first. The theories grew out of it. That explains why his explanation of his work is so unsatisfactory to those who approach it only from the view-point of the logician. His doctrine is hardly a doctrine at all—so far. It may become a doctrine later. I think it will. I think Hubbard is going the way of Tolstoi, and the founders of new creeds, but his common sense is a good brake. He is not apt to go too far, though, of course, one cannot say where these celestially entranced egoists may walk in pursuit of the truth they see ahead. To me there is no doubt at all that Elbert Hubbard is one of the men who are fully possessed of the thought that they are close to the Divine, that they have an insight into the things hidden from others, that they are vessels filled with the essence of the Godhead.

In the Hubbard lecture, and in some brief talks with him, socially, I found traces of all the dreamers, old and new, hints of all the heresies, suggestions of the great visionaries of our world. The man is big enough, mentally and spiritually, to be a sufficient explanation of his wonderful success. He is a gigantic dynamo of individuality. That individuality is, in the aggregate, attractive, though now and then it is fearsome; that is to say, it awakens a dread that some of its manifestations may proceed to dangerous negotiations.

Elbert Hubbard is a sublimated variation on the modern "prophets," "divine healers," "Christs." The man is a mystic philosopher, for all his gospel of work. He is evidently no believer in crime or punishment. He does not think seriously of laws. His cult of beauty and peace is one which he expresses as individualism, but he would carry individualism practically to the point of annihilating all individuality, except, of course, his own. Translate Hubbard's life theory into Russian and he is *Nekhludoff*, the hero of "Resurrection."

"Love your fellow man so well," he says, "that you will not try to impress him with anything. Let him be free, utterly free. Let him work out his own salvation. Bind him not. The evil in him is useful, is good out of place, as dirt is simply matter in the wrong place." This is a

high, noble, true doctrine, within limits. It will do for mystic philosophers who are in no danger of applying the philosophy emotionally. It will work well while a man like Hubbard is directing it in the way of making beautiful things. But let the many take it up and the doctrine means the freest sensual interpretation of the inscription over the gate of Rabelais' Abbey of Thelema.

If we were all Hubbards, if we all had those burning eyes, if we all had that sanctified simplicity of smile, if we all were of the aesthetico-ascetic temperament, the Hubbard doctrine would be a good thing for the world. But we are not all Hubbards. We are not all seers. We are not all of those "whose ears, long closed to earthly things, catch heavenly sounds." We are not able to contain ourselves within ourselves and to forget the call of "the world, the flesh and the devil" in contemplation of inner and outer visions. We are not able to transform the actual with beautiful illusions. We can't go too strong on love and joy in our work, for fear we may go wrong, as many of a lover of his kind and votary of the higher joy has gone. And so, while we say that Mr. Hubbard is a good man and is doing a good work at East Aurora, and is following an ideal which it were blasphemy to assail, we may be permitted to doubt that the many are as yet sane enough to approach the truth he teaches, without danger to what we call their souls.

There is no one who can more highly approve of the work Mr. Hubbard has done at East Aurora than I do. None can better understand the aspirations that have grown out of his work—aspirations flawless in the abstract, aspirations that are part of the spiritual life of all men who look at the world and think about it. But the application of those aspirations, concretely and generally, would be dangerous, involving as they do subtle distinctions that only philosophers like Mr. Hubbard can make.

Mr. Hubbard is doing good at East Aurora. He is doing good in his work, as distinct from some phases of his doctrine. He is teaching the value of intelligent effort, the worth of kindness, the influence of beauty, the truth of doing in the best possible way what is nearest the hand to do. There can be no just fault-finding with all this. But mix up this practical, aesthetic polytechnicism with psychism, with unrestricted freedom, with abstractly asserted sanctity of naturalism, and the combination is moral and social dynamite.

Of course, the doctrinal feature of what we may call Hubbardism, is not dangerous to audiences of intellectuals, like that which hung upon his words in this city last Friday night, just as the work he teaches his Roycrofters to do at East Aurora is not dangerous to the doers thereof. The danger lies in the application of his doctrine by the half-informed.

Wherefore, earnest, exalted, inwardly illumined, gentle and affectionate as Mr. Hubbard may be, he would do well to put some curb upon his proclamation concerning the philosophy with which he supplements his work. He does not mean to do more directly than to put joy into our lives, to do this by making work a pleasant, unrestrained expression of individuality. That he has done at East Aurora. May he long continue so to do. But let him beware of an unqualified declaration of such doctrine, for we know to what horrors of life a general, unrestrained expression of individuality might lead. W. M. R.

PURE WATER.

ST. LOUIS wants pure water. It doesn't want a big filter job. There are too many men howling for filtration who wouldn't howl for anything there wasn't a job in. The city can't be bulldozed into surrender to the filter fiends. This filtration unanimity is suspicious. Let's wait and see what we are doing!

REFLECTIONS.

THE MAN WITH HIS EAR TO THE GROUND

UNDOUBTEDLY the best defense of the man-with-his-ear-to-the-ground in politics, ever set forth in this country was the article by the most trustworthy Washington correspondent, Walter B. Stevens, in last week's issue of this paper. There could be no more attractive defense of a masterly opportunism in American affairs. To believers in opportunism, Mr. Stevens' article is unanswerable, but, unfortunately, the estimate of William McKinley's opportunism is hardly fair to the facts of the case. Mr. McKinley has carried his adjustability to what he conceives to be public sentiment, much too far. He has veered with popular opinion until the public believe him to have no opinion of his own. He has followed, never led. He has been forced into everything he has done and away from everything that he originally intended to do, from the war with Spain to the imposition of a tariff against Porto Rico. Mr. McKinley goes with the common sense of all the people. It is peculiar, to say the least, that on first blush Mr. McKinley has been opposed to practically everything he has done later on. It is strange that Mr. McKinley, after his long public life, should have no *flair* for the right way at the start. Another President would have known what was his course without waiting for a hint from the people. This President, who is posed by Mr. Stevens as the President most considerate of popular opinion, is the President to whom has been aggrandized more power than to any of his predecessors. Though he declares daily that the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico are in the hands of Congress, every move in the direction of the government of those possessions is a move to confer more power on President McKinley. He is practically Emperor of the colonies, and the enactments thus far have not been originated in Congress. They have come from the President. They have gone through on the proposition that "the President wants this." The man-with-his-ear-to-the-ground has heard nothing from the people in favor of assumption of such power as he exercises and will exercise over the "colonies." He has heard that suggestion from those who want to strengthen the party machine by giving more offices. The President heard nothing from the people in favor of treating the Porto Ricans as hostiles and foreigners. So far as the people expressed themselves upon that subject at all, the expression was all the other way. The President's original declaration of plain duty in free trade was popularly approved. The only opposition to free trade came from the protected industries that contributed to Mr. McKinley's election. Their opposition was effective; in the face of popular condemnation of the tariff policy as applied to Porto Rico. The President has heard the thing which is not. Mr. McKinley may think he is obeying the will of the people—doubtless he does think so. The people generally believe that Mr. McKinley's views are colored by the men whom he has served for so long in presenting them the people's money in the shape of a protective tariff. Mr. McKinley probably mistakes for the sound of the multitude marching to his music, the seismic effect of Mr. Hanna of the syndicate "putting his foot down" on certain propositions. Mr. McKinley's glorious practical expediency or opportunism would be much more believed in by the people, were it not that the immediate beneficiaries of every change of policy on his part have been the syndicates that surround him and that elected him. The time for another nomination comes on apace. The time for election comes too. Mr. McKinley's party is the party that believes in a fund. The fund must be had. It is significant that the Administration's course has been such as to make every act redound to the benefit of the men who put up the fund last time, and are expected to duplicate and increase it this year. Mr. McKinley's opportunism has been too opportunistic. Mr. McKinley has been less President, and more a mere clerk, than any man who ever held the office, and this, too, in spite of the fact that, within the past three years, he has had more power placed in his hands than any of his predecessors. Mr.

McKinley's opportunism is party expediency in a high form. Mr. McKinley allows things to drift. Then when they have drifted to stagnation, up stands Mr. McKinley and declares, "This is Destiny." He asks what can he do or what can anybody do, when things have drifted thus and so? Nothing. This is Duty. The President's opportunism, his drifting policy, and his ear-to-the-ground attitude are just the things which make the people fear him. This fatalistic sort of policy does not appeal to the American people. "Kismet" doesn't go in the West, however it may in the Orient. Drifting usually doesn't land the drifted anywhere. Derelicts are the great drifters. They arrive nowhere, and they are obstacles to progress. Is Mr. McKinley proved to be a derelict upon the ocean of world-politics? But this drifting policy is partly a fake too. We all notice that the drift is all right for Mr. McKinley's protected industries. The drift is all right for the politicians the President wants to appoint. The drift is all right for the banks that want to handle the Government moneys, for the men who are interested in the ship-subsidy, for all the privilege-grabbers. This is a phase of Mr. McKinley's opportunism which was not touched in Mr. Stevens' very powerful article in last week's MIRROR. Mr. Stevens has another article in this week's MIRROR in which he follows up his deft defense of the President. This second article is a clincher. It says—but you'd better read it—that the President's policy or lack of policy may possibly be wrong, but what policy has the opposition? The opposition is not opportunist. It doesn't know opportunity when it sees it. It doesn't even drift. It scatters. The policy of Mr. McKinley is unsatisfactory, perhaps, according to Mr. Stevens. The no policy of Mr. McKinley is opposed by the no policy of the Democrats, with regard to new issues. The issue then is whether we prefer to drift under Mr. McKinley's masterly, fatalistic inaction or under Mr. Bryan, making a great noise and getting nowhere. There is no choice for the thoughtful citizen, but the old one based upon the presumption being in favor of the established fact. And yet the established fact is not stable. The established fact is drift, and the drift is strongly in the direction of too much power for the President, and too much privilege for the few at the expense of the many. Our oriental possessions seem to have inoculated us too strongly, and too suddenly with the *manana* doctrine, for now the only hope of the opposition to the Administration seems to be that something will drift the opposition into power or will drift the Administration on the rocks. Decidedly there is an "ebb at Washington," a lack of strong, leading, doing, daring men all over the country. All the people have their ears to the ground. All are waiting for a formative man, for a man with a plan. He doesn't come. The situation is piteous, or, rather, contemptible.

Another Strike

WHILE the St. Louis Transit Company is engaged in gobbling up the Exposition enterprise, the management is, seemingly, neglecting its natural business. So many new motormen and conductors are on the cars now, in place of the old employees, the record of street car collisions with other vehicles is mounting alarmingly. The new men have to make the same time as the old, experienced hands made. The effect of this upon inexperienced men is to "rattle" them exceedingly, and all over the city the cars are crashing into other vehicles, and injuring drivers and horses, in a way to suggest an exceeding large damage account for the Transit Company this year. The only wonder is, that the general discharge of the old employees has not resulted in a more extensive list of accidents fatal to life. The Transit Company soon will have ousted all the veteran motormen and conductors. Every passenger notes the new faces on his line. The new men are replacing those who were implicated in the strike and the union, is being "done up" after the recent "settlement." The public suffers by this, in the way of mistakes in change, errors in transfer, forgetfulness of the streets at which passengers want to get off, too brief stoppages to permit the safe leaving or boarding of cars, and the accidents of which so many team owners

complain. I am told that the strike settlement has proved unsatisfactory. The union men are being let out on every pretext, on every branch of the line. The "settlement" was made, because the union had the Transit Company foul, and could have tied up the roads. The roads are now fixing to have the union foul, and soon the syndicate will be able to discharge union men openly, because they are union men. This means [that the members of the union are sore at the syndicate's bad faith. There will be another big street-railway strike in St. Louis, within a very short time. The union men are saying so, everywhere about town. When the strike comes it will be a stupendous affair. The street railway syndicate is so strong, politically, it has such a death grip upon the community, that the union labor people believe that it will be necessary to order a general strike in St. Louis, to bring the syndicate to terms. The recent grabbing of the Exposition, the appropriation of the property of all the people, to the uses of a few corporationists, has intensified public sentiment against the Transit Company, and the labor people are preparing to take advantage of it. There will be a strike to "tie up the whole town" if the Transit Company continues its present tactics.]

The Doctrine of Damnation

AND now Dr. Parkhurst comes forward to declare that he wants a change of the Presbyterian creed. He does not believe in predestination of some to everlasting Hell fire and foreordination of others to the joys of the New Jerusalem. This is all very well. It sounds fine. But while the Presbyterians are revising their creed, why not eliminate damnation altogether? It is repulsive to the sentiment of the creed revisors that any one should be damned, that God should get pleasure or glory from the agony of any of his creatures. What do the creeds amount to, in the matter of damnation or salvation, anyhow? The creeds declare certain things concerning God, His intentions, His wrath, His glory. These declarations mean nothing. Who can presume to know God's business. God is better than any creed that recognizes damnation makes Him. What man, if gifted with the power, would damn any other man to Hell for all eternity—at least, what civilized man would do such a thing? And man's mercy is only finite. The whole logic of Christianity is against the damnation of anyone. Christ died to save the world. Is it possible that an all-wise God's plans "gang agley?" Was the sacrifice of Christ a failure? It must be, if anyone be damned unto everlasting torment. The claim that Christ died so that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, will not hold good, for, in the aggregate, there are in the world, at the present time, more people who do not believe in Christ than there are of those who do so believe, to say nothing of myriads who lived and died in ignorance of the Saviour before the spread of Christianity. Upon this basis there must be indefinitely more people damned than ever can be saved. Dr. Parkhurst says that as "everything in all this great Christian matter pivots on the absolute and unconditional love of God, we should be intolerant toward everything that states, or even suggests, anything like a partial or an arbitrary love on God's part, loving some because he chooses to and damning the rest in order to show what he could do and how just he was." If Dr. Parkhurst be right, then the Christian world should be intolerant of the thought that even one man will be damned. If that one man only be damned, then the love of God must be impartial and arbitrary. If God loves us all, how can He damn any of us? The thought of damnation is not consistent with the idea of divine love. A human father may chastise his child, though loving him, but human chastisement is not a fit analogy for the act of everlasting damnation. An omnipotent Father, some will say, may inflict a punishment commensurate with His Omnipotence. But not when the Omnipotent is supposed to love His creatures with a love justly proportioned to omnipotence and infinitude. If the creeds are to be revised, there is no use in the preachers going only half way in the work of revision. If any part of the scheme of damnation—for there is more of a scheme of damnation than a scheme of salvation,

In most creeds,—is to be abandoned, the whole of it should be thrown overboard. Damnation is not consistent with a humane world's idea of God. The idea may have done well enough as a deterrent from certain things, in a savage world and time. But damnation has no terrors for the world of to-day. The vast majority of people do not believe it. Every human being who is sane feels that nobody related to him or her is damned. No one believes even that any of his acquaintances are to be damned. We find excuses for everybody, for even the worst people, in heredity, in unfortunate environment. And if poor, finite beings like us can find excuse, why not the good God? Preachers may talk damnation everywhere but by the bier. They dare not speak of aught but hope in the presence of those gathered about the form of the beloved dead. No man dies but someone loves him well enough to feel that damnation is not to be his portion. Creeds are made by men for men. Men do not believe in damnation. There is no force in creeds when people will not believe them. Therefore creeds should abandon those things which people will not believe. The retention of such things deprive the creeds of their beneficial effects upon mankind. If any one man be damned then the Presbyterian doctrine of predestination is true. If predestination be not true, then nobody is to be damned. Damnation must go with predestination. And our friends, the Roman Catholics, will probably come in with their compromise of Purgatory. For Purgatory is susceptible of being construed in a logical fashion. It permits of one considering the consequences of acts, rather than punishments for them. Finite errors have a finite expiation. Purgatory is a place in which "the temporal punishment due to sin" at the time of the sinner's death is worked out, but in actual life and fact. Purgatory has supplanted Hell for all Catholics. Their relatives and friends, at the very worst, can only be in pain for awhile. The living pray for their dead, and once a year the Church, as a body, prays for all the souls departed, which implies considerable of universalism in the Catholic creed. Prayers for the dead imply a very grave doubt of the damnation theory. At least it is a very kindly, softening variation upon that terrible theme, for the relief of those who have friends gone before. The Old Church has been ahead of some of its more progressive offshoots in getting *en rapport* with the growth in the world of a more loving and less fearful conception of the Most High.

Real Estate Coup

THE editor of the MIRROR is informed that a big real-estate *coup* is on the carpet in North St. Louis. The old stock yards have been recently bought and are now being held for the Armours of Chicago. Agents are buying up goodly tracts of property in the vicinity of the old stock yards. The officials of the Burlington route are also interested in the deal to a large extent. It is a good thing for North end property owners, for land has been "down" in that section for a long time. Some people think the operations in the locality referred to are directed with a view to locating the World's Fair in the North end—when we get it—but this is strenuously denied. Whether the Armours will put in a large slaughtering plant in this city is not known, but it is pretty clearly established that the Armours and the Burlington are working together.

Mrs. Dewey's Change of Religion

MRS. DEWEY'S secession from the Roman Catholic communion is an interesting specimen of a prejudice that was thought to have died out long ago. The cry that the election of a President with a Catholic wife would mean a "confessional in the White House" was a factor in preventing careful consideration of Gen. W. T. Sherman as a candidate, in 1880. It helped to defeat Mr. Bland's nomination in 1896. And the cry was used by Mrs. Dewey's brother, at Chicago. That the prejudice against Catholics is not justified need not be argued to-day. It is a prejudice that maintains itself only in inferior intelligences. If Mrs. Dewey's religion were of the sort that could be sacrificed for

the political designs of her brother, she did well to rid herself of it. In such a person there can be no doubt the religion would be dangerous, not only to the country, but to the church, and the church is to be congratulated upon its loss. Many chivalrous persons have spent much time and some ingenuity in endeavoring to mitigate the prominence of Mrs. Dewey in the events that have made her husband absurd of late, but no amount of chivalrous sentiment can be evoked to justify a woman who openly, frankly throws over what she professed to hold as spiritual verity for the popularity to be won among bigots and know-nothings. It is significant that Senator Vest is still a Democrat, in spite of the last four years, when, simultaneously with Mrs. Dewey's abjuration, he took occasion to speak openly in praise of Jesuit education of the Indians. Admiral Dewey hasn't told us of what party he would be the candidate. His wife supplies the answer. Dewey would be the logical candidate of the A. P. A.

British Blunderers

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS' report upon the British campaign in Natal suggests that some of the criticism of French military figures, during the Dreyfus excitement, would be applicable to the British army. There are as many evidences of "degeneracy" in the British army as in the French. The commander of the forces in Africa finds that some of the most lauded British generals were absolutely and utterly incompetent and lacking in ordinary, rudimentary, military intelligence. The report discloses the fact that Great Britain would have been at a serious disadvantage in a land war with any first-class or even second class Power. Coming after the hysterical rejoicings over the capture of Cronje, the exposure of the British blunderers and bunglers in battle makes the dominant nation of Europe ridiculous. Lord Roberts makes British "glory" look sick, and pricks the bubble of British pride. More than ever, sensible Americans must oppose an alliance with a power that was imperiled by the two little Dutch Republics.

Express Stamps

THE Supreme Court sustains the contention of the express companies that the shipper shall pay the war tax on each shipment. The court holds that the object of the tax is to make it bear equally on all who do certain things. Therefore, the tax must come from the general public and must not be borne by the express companies alone. If this law be the true law, then we may expect to see most of the great railroad systems insisting that shippers over their lines shall pay the stamp on each bill of lading. The railroads paid the tax simply because competition was so strong that some roads were willing to pay the tax in order to get the business. Since the tax was imposed many things have occurred, and there is not so much competition among railroads as there was. Now that the express company does not have to stamp its receipts given to shippers, it is safe to assume that the railroads are likewise exempt. Whether the roads will insist on shippers providing the stamp as the express companies have been doing in the past, or whether they will continue to stamp the bills of lading themselves, is a matter not to be easily determined, although the stamp-tax account of a great transportation system must reach a handsome figure in the course of a year. The sum is worth saving, and if all the roads know they can save that expense, they will do so, competition or no competition. If the law applies to railroad companies as to express companies, think what an amount of money the railroads have paid into the National Treasury under a misapprehension! Can they get it back? Hardly, unless they paid the money after formal protest and pending a ruling such as has been given in the express cases. The railroads, however, might unite to have a bill passed in Congress reimbursing them for the money paid in under a misapprehension. If the railroads pooled this sort of claim it would be a fine piece of pie for legislative lobbyists undertaking to pass the bill on a percentage contingent fee. Whether the railroads will go this far

is very doubtful. The decision of the Supreme Court, however, comes as a timely relief. There can be no doubt that if the transportation companies are now going to unload the war tax upon the people, there will be a loud demand for repeal of the war taxes. The war taxes are bringing in too much money, and it is time to repeal them when they begin to bear upon people who have not been paying them heretofore. The Supreme Court decision should help along the movement for an early repeal of the more onerous features of the tax. If the railroad and express companies will not in future pay the tax on shipments, then the people ought not to be compelled to pay, now that the revenue from stamps has grown greater than the needs of the Government. And this incident of the Supreme Court decision should remind us that, however that tribunal may be criticized at times, it is a tribunal that almost miraculously "comes to time" with decisions that are in accord with the popular desire. The decisions seem to come just when they should come; not when the popular passion on a subject with which the court may be concerned is most intense, but when the passion has died away and the good that there is in popular feeling is found to be consistent with the strictest and most scientific interpretation of the law. The Supreme Court is eminently a democratic institution, but it is not an institution that goes off half-cocked. Any student of the tribunal's decisions will admit that they have, in the main, come appropriately to all the circumstances and conditions of National life, just as this decision comes to bring home the necessity of repealing the war taxes. The people govern the Supreme Court, but the Court responds only to the people in calm, not to the mob, breathing revolution. This last decision, on its face, is against the people, but it is, in fact, for them, as it helps tax repeal. It helps the people while upholding a principle of law which, declared a year ago, would have been denounced as a plutocratic infamy.

Watch Them Bust

JUST watch the trusts "bust." There is not one of the new combinations that is not in trouble at this time. The strongest of them is shaky. The stocks are going down. The water is being squeezed out of the securities. Managers have overdone their pretenses of extraordinary prosperity. The actual prosperity, great as it has been, is not great enough to meet the charges incident to over-capitalization. The promoters have got out of all the great schemes they promoted. The organizers of trusts have disposed of their securities to "suckers." The securities, deprived of the tricky support of manipulating insiders, go down. And we are beginning to see the truth, that trusts are most dangerous to those who are in them. The trust question is solving itself, and is doing so without injuring the common people. The collapse of stocks only hurts the gamblers and the people who have tried to make money on inflated properties. The men who sold their plants to trusts and then took the watered stock of the trusts in part payment are being squeezed. The cash they got on the sales is drawing less money, loaned out, than it drew when invested in business. Except in cases such as the American Steel and Wire shut-down, the working people are not suffering from trust troubles, and in the case of American Steel and Wire strikes are, in part, responsible for the shut-down of the mills. All the trusts, with a very few exceptions, are destined to go the same way. They are all over-capitalized. They are all run, primarily, as gambling enterprises, not as legitimate businesses. They may collapse, but the plants will remain, and will be run, after a while, on a business basis. The trust epidemic has been a madness. The madness is passing. The men bitten by it, who tried to make money merely by issuing blocks of *fiat* stock, will have to pay the penalty. And if things go on with the trusts as they have been going recently, there will not be any trust question in politics by next November.

Medical Monsters

OUR friends, the doctors, who believe in human experimentation, are indignant that any check should be put

upon their scientific work. They have fairly well defended the usefulness of vivisection of animals,—a scientific custom that is being brought into disrepute by the evidence that many vivisectionists grow to have a sort of Sadist pleasure in watching brutes in agony—and now they stand up boldly for the right to experiment upon human beings in the same way. About six years ago Prof. Neisser, a renowned dermatologist of Breslau, injected into the blood vessels of some female patients carefully sterilized blood serum taken from individuals afflicted with a loathsome blood disease, the idea being to immunize the patients against the said blood disease. Four of those patients have recently developed the disease against which they were immunized, a disease the character of which is one of the prime terrors of life, a disease which works its way from generation to generation and poisons the future with the result of the lusts dead and gone. In the German parliament certain members have assailed such human experimentation, and propose to stop it. The medical torturers are indignant that any one should propose to interfere in this matter of science. Is enlightened Germany to stop research? The mere thought of such a thing almost excites the editor of the *Medical Review* to tears. He points out that Virchow, the great Virchow, defends the inoculator by showing that animal and human experimentation has helped medicine. But the *Medical Review* does not point out how such human experimentation has helped medicine. Instead it says: "A public discussion of such subjects is apt to do harm in more ways than one. There are certain facts connected with the science of medicine which should not become public property. Already there is a tendency to skepticism among laymen that should be discouraged." By all means! Let the doctors go ahead and do as they please. They are sacred. They can cut us open, in secret places, while we are yet alive, and have fun, like the Roman augurs, reading things in our "innards." Certainly, let the doctors inject any old thing into any old human being to see how it will act. Let them stand around and curiously smile at our contortions under vivisection as they do at dogs and guinea pigs and rabbits. All in the interest of science, mind you. Let them inject us with diseases that are worse almost than leprosy, in order that they may possibly learn something about that disease that will gratify their own curiosity. The editor of the *Medical Review*, who tried to make it the fashion to have a baby's appendix removed just as regularly and naturally as a baby is now baptized or circumcised, is indignant that anyone should object to the scientific picnics of the vivisectionists. "Jenner," says the *Medical Review* man, "in endeavoring to perfect vaccination, may have necessitated the sacrifice of one or more lives that are not mentioned in the literature. If so, he needed to feel no remorse of conscience, for the loss of that one life resulted in a discovery that has saved its millions of lives." What a delicious perversion of the greatest good to the greatest number! It is assumed, then, that we can take any one into a laboratory or an operating room and shoot something into him or cut something out of him, that will kill him, and we can justify his death by saying it was for science's sake. That sort of logic gives the doctor carte blanche to do murder. An innocent man's life is his own. It does not belong to doctors or to the rest of the world. It is a crime to endanger it for a bare prospect of good, when the danger is immense and the prospect exceedingly slim. But hearken unto the *Medical Review* man, and you'll believe that doctors are justified in carrying out investigations upon the poor and ignorant classes who come to their clinics and charity hospitals, even without their consent. The ignorant should be made to subserve the intellectual. "The only excuse we have for living at all is, in order that posterity may be elevated by virtue of our having existed. If one's intellect or ingenuity has not been developed to such an extent as to enable him to make this contribution to the future through active efforts on his part, are we then not justified in expecting them to become, as it were, passive media to those actively inclined? They are, nevertheless, benefactors to mankind, and may be said to have served the function for

which they were created." Now isn't that what you'd call "lovely?" What fun for intellectuals to try poisons on tramps and hoboos and drunks picked up by the police! The intellectuals have a right to inflict pain, disease, death on the unintellectual. The immortally infamous Marquis de Sade, Caligula, Tiberius, Nero—all these had this defence of intellectuality in justification of torture, and the editor of the *Medical Review* knows how those monsters are classed in the books. He says: "When physicians are willing to engage in a work that may result in their becoming a 'sacrifice to their calling,' then they may conscientiously subject others to a few of the dangers, if by so doing they are furthering the interests of that calling." But the doctor becomes a sacrifice by his own choice and act, and besides he is a sacrifice only after he has taken all precaution not to be. The *Medical Review* is positively grieved that for extensive experimentation upon the human being we can never hope for much in this country. Alas! "The air of freedom that characterizes rich and poor alike in this country makes this next to impossible. On the continent, where people are accustomed to bow to authority, whether it be in the army, the court or the clinic, where it occurs to none to ask the whys and wherefores, but to do the bidding of those in authority, regardless of consequences and personal interests, there human experimentation, justified or unjustified, no man can say, will continue to yield its results." This is what Science has brought us to at last. This is what education gives us. This is civilization. The intellectuals are the lords of life and death. The poor are for us to use them as we will for our passions, for our curiosity. The intellectual doctor may torture men as well as animals for scientific results. But suppose there are no results? Well, it's all right anyhow. If this be the new ethics of scientific medical men, we would be better off under the unhygienic ministrations of a revived Thuggee.

Uncle Fuller.

EBB AT WASHINGTON.

A CASE OF THE ABNORMAL IN POLITICS.

(For the Mirror.)

LIKE country, like Congress. The high pitch of patriotism which attended and followed the war with Spain has passed. A spirit of reaction has succeeded. Everybody rallied round the flag while the war fever was on, and rejoiced and self-congratulated to the full over the fruits of victory. Now things have changed. Can any one look back and imagine an offered visit from the hero of Manila declined by a large city without thanks? That has happened within a month. Remembering one of the many pressing invitations which he was unable to accept at the time, and which was left open by the municipality for further consideration, the admiral, through his secretary, recently conveyed to a Member of Congress his expectation to be in the vicinity and his willingness to comply with the invitation, if the people of that city were still of their patriotic notion. The Member of Congress transmitted the hint to the officials of the city. Back came the answer, through the mayor, that the invitation had better be passed as cancelled. The leading citizens thought it was not wise to attempt to carry out their original desire to entertain Admiral Dewey. The story seems almost incredible. Nothing could better illustrate the change in the popular temper.

The reaction spirit is one of coldness. It is the antithesis of the devotion to the common weal which warmed the whole nation a few months ago. It finds expression in criticism of everything. The nation is discontented. Antagonism is in the air. A mild form of demoralization prevails. It is the reverse tendency of the cohesiveness which made national accomplishment so easy. Then, whatever was, was right. Now, whatever is, is wrong. There is cause for congratulation that so much was gained before the tide of national sense turned. One must shrink from thinking what might have been, if the country had come to the question of ratification of the treaty of peace in such a carping frame of mind as now prevails.

The spirit which is abroad in the land pervades the

party organizations. It possesses Congress. It stands in the way of legislation. It is the spirit of negation. Matters which should require only days drag for weeks. Leadership is discredited. The caucus does not bind. Nobody of this legislative generation remembers when inclination to hold back was so strongly characteristic of Congress.

Weighed from the party point of view, the majority is the chief sufferer from this atmosphere of rejection. By the peculiar conditions, the policy of construction, which must be the policy of the majority, is made more than normally difficult. And in the same condition the policy of obstruction and adverse comment finds undue encouragement. But it is only as the minority contents itself with negative opposition to the majority that the unnatural strength of its position is realized. Whenever, in Congress or out of it, leaders of the opposition have assumed affirmative propositions they have found themselves confronted by differences in their own ranks. A schism opened wide in the anti-expansion side upon the question of ratifying the treaty of peace. At no time since, have the anti-expansion elements been able to get together in Congress on any issue which meant more than voting "no." This has grown with repeated evidences of its existence. Whenever the Democrats in Senate or House have put forward a substitute for legislation offered by the Republicans they have failed to command the party support. There have been instances of repudiation of Democratic policies by Democrats fully as significant as the illustrations of an inharmonious spirit shown by Republicans. These have not attracted the attention of the public, because the work of the majority is always in the fiercer light. The leaderships of Richardson in the House and that of Jones in the Senate have been disregarded and that even with open contempt. Within a few days has been witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of the minority leader in the Senate withdrawing a substitute proposition on Porto Rico legislation and Senators of his own party openly admitting it was a mistake to have offered it. On another recent occasion a Republican stating what was supposed to be the Democratic position on a pending matter, was interrupted by two Democratic Senators one of whom ratified and the other repudiated the statement. So it has been repeatedly in both branches of the National Legislature. Republicans have taunted Democrats with the alleged inability to define their party will upon question after question. It is a matter of fact that if the minority had been able to control itself, defeat of Republican policy might have been scored in the Porto Rican tariff matter. With a want of cohesiveness exposing the weak places in the Republican party, it remains true that the Democrats have never yet been able to control their own strength so as to take the easy advantage offered. It is impossible to recall a decisive and an important vote in which Democrats have acted with unanimity. And when disaffection on one side is compared with discontent on the other, it does not appear that there is much difference in the character of the spirit displayed.

The country has drawn a moral from the conditions at Washington. It has seen the disorder only too apparent in the Republican front. The minority line is further back and more obscured. Perspective tends to emphasize the inharmonious movements of the former, to minimize the stragglings and desertions of the latter. There is Republican apprehension about November, and it is not without some reason. There is great increase of Democratic confidence in the same direction, and it is not without some basis.

But between the present state of dissatisfaction and the Presidential poll lie seven months. In a little more than two months the records of the parties will be made up. For five months the achievements of the majority, and for four months the promises of both parties, will be before the American people. That is a long time. It was time enough, in 1896, to wear out the attractive fallacy of free coinage of silver and to commit the nation to the single gold standard.

The spirit of the immediate present is not natural. It is strong. It is fault-finding developed to an aggressive degree. If it could find expression this month at the polls it might, it probably would, do some political overturning. The American is a born up-builder. He is progressive. He overdoes the trait. He tires. He needs rest and he takes it. Will the disposition to stop, to condemn all propositions of progress, to retrace even some steps taken,

hold out for the seven months until election? That is to be taken into account before predictions are made on what is to be in November.

Another consideration! The opposition to the present Administration and its policies is portentous to-day, but is negative purely. In the four months during which the American people will prepare judgment this opposition must stand in an attitude other than critical. It must offer its candidates, and the pledges to redeem certain affirmative policies. A vote in November must mean more than "no" to the re-election of McKinley and the Republican intentions. It will be "yes" to the question of confidence in Bryan and to the execution of what the Democratic party promises to do.

W. B. Stevens.

THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

(MIRROR Correspondence.)

The Projection of Dewey

PROPOS of Admiral Dewey's candidacy, here is a story that has not, until now, seen the light of type. To St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, belongs the furiously contested honor of having first proposed the hero of Manila as a Presidential possibility. Mr. McKelway is famous for the variety and surprise of his intellectual relaxations. His personality goes far to redeem the borough of Brooklyn from the reproach of being a mere lodging place for New Yorkers. He has long enjoyed the reputation of a first-class man in a third-rate town, invidious, to be sure, but accepted with chastened humility by Brooklyn herself, glad to possess the great man on any terms. Mr. McKelway is a foremost oracle of the gold Democracy of the East and a warm personal friend of Princeton's favorite lecturer, Dr. Grover Cleveland. The taking up of Dewey was, therefore, an enterprise suited to his mental versatility. Since the gold Democrats are at present sealed to no particular idol, it was also good enough for politics. How much in earnest Mr. McKelway was in exploiting Dewey as he did, is not accurately known, nor is the point of much importance. The editor of the *Eagle* likes to exhibit the vigor of his logical fence in supporting those that are deemed untenable by minds of feeble and less resilient quality. Besides, the projection of Dewey offered a slight relief from the intolerable predominance of the Chicago platform and its candidate. Nay, it might—by stretching the possibilities in a manner not unfamiliar to Brooklyn—lead to the elimination of Bryan. Thus argued the great man of the *Eagle*, keeping his logical processes well in hand and not allowing the public to see too much of his humor. An article in which, for the sake of variety, Mr. McKelway raised some superficial objections to the Admiral's candidacy, with the ulterior view of demolishing them himself, elicited a positive declaration from Dewey and placed the argument before the country at large. The Admiral, through a curious deficiency in humor and tact which had previously gotten him into grave trouble, lost his temper finally with the newspaper that had persistently urged his claims upon the Nation. Mr. McKelway was as much disconcerted as a philosopher can be over any of the usual infirmities of human nature, but he recovered that mental aplomb which is at once the wonder and the boast of Brooklyn, upon receiving this dispatch, unsigned, from Washington:

St. Clair McKelway—You are the man that blew the froth off the charlotte russe!

Platt's Bad Boy Teddy

At this moment the most interesting question in New York politics is: Will Teddy Roosevelt be drafted as a running mate for Major McKinley? Roosevelt has repeatedly declared that he will not accept the Vice-Presidential nomination, and he has as often and as frankly stated that he desires a second term of the Governorship. Platt has had enough of him at Albany, however, and he can prevent the renomination of Roosevelt, as he prevented that of Black. It looks, even, as if it will be an easier job. So far, the up-country conventions, agreeably to the instructions of the Easy Boss, have studiously omitted all mention of the Governor. Roosevelt's position is ironically unfortunate. He has managed to carry a show of independence before the people and at the same time to avoid an open rupture with the Platt machine. Thus he has only half pleased the people, and, by his favorite practice of dramatizing his freedom from the Boss' control, has awakened the veiled but

implacable resentment of Platt. Roosevelt must submit, and it is likely that he will, ere the last call, do so with a good grace. He can't do otherwise, without effacing himself from political consideration. During his term as Governor, he has in no way impaired the strength of the Platt machine, nor has he sought to create an organization for himself. The Platt machine to-day, controlling all the State and Federal patronage, is probably stronger than at any previous time in its history. The devotion of the up-country Republicans to Platt passes all bounds. They stand ready to do his bidding at an instant's notice. A nod from him and the whole machine moves in unison. Hill, in his palmiest days, never commanded an obedience so unswerving from the Democracy. Croker is not so thoroughly obeyed in New York. Platt has, in a degree never possessed by any other man in this State, the power of nominating or rejecting whom he shall please. He is as absolute without patronage as when the whole tide of it flows through his hands. Roosevelt served his turn at a critical time for the Republican party, when reaction against that party on account of the canal frauds ran high. Platt, with his usual sagacity, saw that Teddy, with the glamour of San Juan hill about him, was the only man to save the State. Teddy did save the State and not by a wide margin. Now Platt, besides the offence of Roosevelt's bumpiousness, feels that he can safely dispense with him. In truth, Roosevelt has about used up his stock of popular prestige in this State. He is a glutton for glory. Since he became Governor, the public have never had a moment's rest from him. Continuously he has posed and published, written and ranted. The first Napoleon was not more jealous of universal attention. However, Roosevelt still stands high before the country at large and his availability for second place on the ticket with McKinley is beyond question. Platt is anxious to bring this about, as it would at the same time relieve him of the *enfant terrible* and pleasure the friends of McKinley. Teddy's egoism will not suffer such a declension. He would rather be Governor of the Empire State than Vice-President, and truly the former position is one of richer augury. But a good many people, who are yet kindly disposed toward Teddy Roosevelt, have come round to the idea that he exaggerates the personal equation. Republicans see as much disloyalty as bad taste in his ungracious refusal, promulgated with indecent haste, to accept a nomination with the President of the United States and the head of his party. There is, indeed, a growing belief that Roosevelt's vaulting ambition will overleap itself, and the end of this argument will see him without either nomination. But I should not expect Teddy to carry his obstinacy to such a pitch as to refuse finally the Vice-Presidential alternative. More likely he will capitulate with the air with which he does all things, after getting the highest possible price for his hand.

Olga and the Lily

The Nethersole *cantharis* has been declared innocuous by a New York jury, and "Sapho" proceeds to reap the greater profit which is the fruit of advertising so extraordinary. As the newspapers were practically united in their condemnation of the play, and interested themselves actively to have it stopped, the result is a curious commentary upon public sentiment in this town, as applied to immorality in theatricalism. I believe, notwithstanding, that it is to the credit of the newspapers that they made the fight. As to the charge of invidious discrimination against Miss Nethersole, of which so much has been made, I do not think it has the least foundation. The newspapers singled out of the mass of immoral plays one remarkable for the prestige of its authorship, and for its production at a leading fashionable theater; out of the ranks of women whose talents and physical attractions are devoted to the exposition of this type of drama, an actress conspicuous for her genius, her beauty and the measure of artistic recognition which she has achieved. Miss Nethersole's victory was rather a personal triumph than a vindication of her cause. That cause, as exemplified in her performance of *Sapho*, is a thoroughly vicious one, for the success and profit of the play depend upon a grossness of motive that never fails to provoke answering manifestations in the audience.

Miss Nethersole having been "vindicated," her sister in art, Mrs. Langtry de Bathe, not to be outdone, awards herself a little much-needed vindication by cancelling her engagement in the town of Newark, N. J., where a

board of municipal censors had arranged to pass upon the comparative immorality of "The Degenerates." Mrs. De Bathe's concern that Newark, N. J., should raise objections to a piece that had been honored with the endorsement of critical and aristocratic London, the very centre of things, was quite as effective in its tone of haughty and high-bred sarcasm as was Miss Nethersole's police court heroics for the integrity of her Art.

Anglomania Rampant

AN acute access of Anglomania is just now throwing off unmistakable symptoms among the swell set. The men dress to the limit of English exaggeration. As to the women, it may be said that the *Court Circular* is becoming thoroughly naturalized in New York. At many houses which rejoice in English marriage connections, the family unite in singing, "God Save the Queen" after dinner. The Whitneys and the Hewitts are said to lead in British affectations. Whatever may be the policy of the Administration at Washington, the *rapprochement* between English and American swiftness is complete at all points. The highest ambition of New York's fashionable women—an ambition no longer difficult of realization—is to be presented at Court,—kissing the hand of their Sovereign they call it. The pleasant and perspicuous Max O'Rell says that if the rich and fashionable women of New York could have their sweet will, the Republic would give place to a monarchy to-morrow. The union of American beauty and bullion with English blood is producing a new aristocracy that is expected to supplant the old order. The social successes of American women abroad have kindled a rabid emulation among their sisters at home. Such triumphs gild even the crass vulgarity of the Bradley-Martins, and atone for all the scandal of the Marlboroughs. The desire to get a peculiar mark of distinction, which even money cannot buy in this Republic, what a rage it is among the wives and daughters of the many-dollared! To what incredible intrigues it gives birth; to what heart-burnings of ambitious and disappointed mothers; to what shame and sacrifice of sordid fathers! The whole story has never yet been told, and to tell it adequately would require the genius of a Thackeray. Not to reckon with its force in the history of the hour, is to miss one of the most pregnant signs of the time.

Dick Canfield's Police Pull

THE bringing of suit by Richard Canfield, the faro king of this city, to recover from a St. Louisan a large sum of money in the shape of a gambling debt, again invites attention to the inadequacy of reform movements in New York. Canfield's place was particularly aimed at in the late hue and cry. It is the most sumptuous and exclusive gambling house in this city. A man cannot pass its guarded portals unless he be introduced by regular patrons of the place as one in every respect absolutely "safe." It is a resort for gentlemen of means to whose flirtations with the Goddess of Chance no limit is prescribed. Fabulous stories (that are yet believed) are told of sums won and lost at Canfield's. It is rare, indeed, that a victim "squeals," for the reason that the *clientele* of Canfield's is made up of men to whom such a disclosure would bring disaster and disgrace. The cheap gambler is there unknown and the fleecing of a lamb is attended with such precautions as to insure no revelations that would make trouble for Canfield. But it is only just to say that Canfield stands well, according to the ethics of his trade, and even his prosecution of the St. Louisan is pointed out as an evidence that he is on the "square." It is, at any rate, certain that he enjoys a perfect immunity from police interference. The result of the grand jury's attempt to get something on Canfield is the most comic outcome of the rabies for reform that so recently swept over the town. The police captain of the precinct in which the gambling house is located was instructed to procure evidence against the place. He reported in due time that he was unable to get any evidence of the sort required and expected by the grand jury, and that a careful search of the premises revealed nothing of an incriminating character. Unlike the crap shooters and low dive-keepers, Mr. Canfield is able to buy protection of the kind that protects.

The Post's New Editor

THE editorship of the *Evening Post*, which Mr. Godkin raised to the dignity of the first intellectual forum in

America, has fallen to Prof. Hammond S. Lamont of Brown University. It is a great position, weighted with the tradition of Mr. Godkin's virile thought and mordant style. Moreover, like the road-menders of Drumtochty, Mr. Godkin is still extant to criticise his successors. The present writer may claim the honor of Prof. Lamont's acquaintance, having done reportorial work with him in Albany a dozen years ago. Mr. Lamont was then fresh from college, and the *Argus*, which had the benefit of his earliest efforts in journalism, was at the height of its prestige and authority. After a few years in Albany, Mr. Lamont drifted to the West, and his Albany associates lost track of him. These associates have always remembered him as a young man of sanguine disposition, of great and contagious energy, handsome in appearance, like Horace's friend, a man *ad unguem factus*, and yet without a trace of the pedant, unspoiled in any respect by the classicism of Harvard. Since we knew Hammond Lamont as a reporter, on the Albany *Argus*, his college work has brought him into prominent notice as a thinker and writer, and this increasing recognition has at length procured for him a capital prize in the profession which engaged the energies of his early manhood. There is probably no publicist in America who would not, if similarly placed, find himself, in a greater or less degree, depreciated by the tradition of Mr. Godkin. I do not say that Hammond Lamont will turn the great man's picture towards the wall, but I believe, with the friends who knew him best, that he will fully vindicate the wisdom of the choice which has done him so much honor.

New York, April 13th, 1900.

Michael Monahan.

CONSCIENCE IN CHICAGO.

IT IS DISPLAYED IN A NEW NOVEL.

[For the MIRROR.]

THE George M. Hill Publishing Company introduce, this spring, a new Chicago writer, Antoinette Van Hoesen, in her initial work "Questions of Conscience." It is a Chicago book—scenes, environments and conditions—and a book, like Chicago, of big aspirations, albeit of some crudities.

Miss Van Hoesen has drawn her mixture of society from the peculiar intermingling that seems more possible in the great city by the lake than elsewhere, and much of her book will be rather an interesting study to people outside of Chicago, who wonder how many things be, that are, and which could scarcely exist in any other city in the country.

"Questions of Conscience" is not, however, a book of society trivialities, its writer aims at moral heights and to teach the beauty of right living above all things. When she has written more books she will feel that it would have been better had her first one been shorter, but she will find no fault with herself as regards her motif. Her heroine is rather too perfect; she is one of those finely poised, highly-strung people who are what they are by the grace of being born so, and who are so flawless, mentally, morally and physically, that they are outside the pale of acquaintanceship in real life.

Agatha Fleming, even as a school girl, was a creature who won the admiration and homage of men ripe in wisdom and years, but she married Dudley Telfer, a man her antipodes in character and intellect, and was thereupon disowned by her father. Like many another woman, she had married her ideal of a man, and after the fashion of many women who marry ideals, she sunk to a life of squalid poverty, living in a tenement house, and supporting him and her baby by designing and embroidery, and, incidentally, by doing most of his so-called journalistic work for him. For a woman of her alleged brains, Miss Van Hoesen's heroine certainly displayed less penetration regarding her husband than one could consider possible. Perhaps too great an enlargement of the bump of ideality conduces to crass stupidity. At any rate Mr. Dudley Telfer came home drunk many times, and oft neglected her, spent her hard-earned money, and eventually, after two or three minor liaisons, deserted her and married an adventuress after railroading a divorce through for that purpose—all before his wife learned entirely to regard him as ordinary clay. However, her experiences in the years, when she should have been finding him out, and did not, were such that she won many friends in various walks of life,

and was secretly idealized in turn herself by two or three men, any one of whom was as perfect in his way as she in hers.

The man, par excellence, who was the real affinity, so to speak, of Agatha Telfer, was a noted divine of Chicago, whose wife was incurably insane, and had been for years, and in this complication comes the crowning one of the questions of conscience which give the book its name. Agatha has been tried in every way; she disobeys her father's dying command by turning over to her husband the property the old man relents enough to leave her, because it is a question of conscience to obey and please her husband; after he is killed by the woman he married, and Agatha secures the insurance due her son and herself, and the woman confesses that she caused his death by feeding him tuberculosis bacteria, Agatha feels that her conscience will not allow her to keep the money, since the insurance people believed his death to have been from natural causes, and so, again, she gives up a fortune.

It is the crucial test when the minister, otherwise one of the most perfect of men, yields to his passion for Agatha, and proposes to divorce himself from the insane wife and marry her. It is a sore temptation, but she settles this question of conscience, as she has all the others, and the book closes with the insane wife alarmingly healthy, and Agatha and Gregory Winston living lives like parallel lines, which can never meet.

There is considerable society talk and movement in the course of the story, considerable discussion of ethical questions, and dipping into psychology, quite a little spiritualism classed on the higher plane of inspired prophecy, and although both in motif and style, "Questions of Conscience" is above the average "first book," one has a feeling that it would have been improved by rigorous and vigorous condensation.

Frances Porcher.

BRYAN AND DEBS.

SOCIALISTIC IDEAS IN THE NEXT ELECTION.

[For the MIRROR.]

[This article was written by one of the most enthusiastic of the Populists of Missouri. He supported Mr. Bryan in 1896. He is not a politician. He has not been identified with any of the fellows who have done the dickering with the bosses of the older parties. The view of the political situation presented by him is one that is new, in Missouri. If the Populists will vote for Debs, Mr. Bryan cannot carry Missouri.]

THE "New Democracy," as some of the reformer-enthusiasts have been pleased to call the free silver movement inaugurated in 1896, will have to reckon with the increasing socialistic tendencies of the times. Socialism never had such a footing in the United States as it holds to-day. It will be much stronger before the coming November election than it is at this hour.

The "New Democracy" absorbed most of the nascent socialism of 1896. The sentimentalists, who believe in the possibility of political brotherhood, accepted Bryan as their prophet four years ago. The Chicago platform, with Mr. Bryan's humane oratory, gave these dreamers new hope. Utopia seemed the goal of the renovated Democracy of that campaign. Many a brooding pessimist, whom deferred millennial expectations had made sore at heart, saw the future again luminous with promise, and took fresh courage when Bryan so eloquently defied plutocracy on the convention platform at Chicago. The cause of down-trodden humanity at last had a party and a gifted leader. Populism and its kindred schemes of socialism hailed the "New Democracy" gladly. After the overthrow of the money power at the polls would come government ownership of railroads and other great public industries, and direct legislation. Bryan was thought to be more of a Populist than a Democrat by these radical reformers. He favored the referendum, they believed. He was a paternalist at heart.

But Socialism has grown wonderfully in this country since 1896. The "new Democracy" has not kept pace with the dreamers, who are bent on eliminating the selfish competitive struggle from the industrial world. Socialism will not wait for the laggards who think the Chicago platform still good enough for the campaign of 1900. They have resolved to cut loose from the free-silver procession and "go it alone" on their search for Utopia.

Eugene V. Debs, and not Bryan, is now the Moses of Socialism. The new leader is worthy the cause, too. He

has more faith than Bryan. His heart has a sympathy for labor's struggle that the free-silver champion can never know. Mr. Debs is really a great man, and a marvelous enthusiast. He has a passion for an ideal Commonwealth, built on the Socialistic plan, that makes Col. Bryan's rhetoric about the 16-to-1 ratio seem very tame and chilly to the advanced reformer. The candidate of the Social Democracy is now the hero of the believers in government ownership and the referendum throughout the country. Bryan can never again command the support of his Populistic following in 1896. Those allies of the "new Democracy," four years ago, have found their logical and loyal champion, in whom there is none of the guile of the politician.

This loss of the reformer element means much to the free silver Democracy. Gold-bugs may support Bryan this year, because they believe the money question is a dead and harmless issue, but their presence in the party will not create much enthusiasm. The 16-to-1 people will distrust their plutocratic allies. The party may have organization and a big campaign fund, but real enthusiasm will be lacking. The dreamers, the haters of industrial slavery, the apostles of economic equity will be with Debs. The "new Democracy" has lost the banner of labor reform and the confidence of those radical foes of plutocracy whose zeal gave the party, in 1896, its most resolute support. Thousands of laboring men and trust-hating farmers, who voted for W. J. Bryan four years ago, will, this fall, forget the free silver leader in their devotion to the Hoosier prophet of real Socialism.

THE UNKNOWN.

INCIDENTS FROM FLAMMARION'S BOOK.

[For the MIRROR.]

AN interesting contribution to the subject of psychical research has been made by the lately published work of Camille Flammarion, entitled "*Inconnu et les Problemes Psychiques*" (The Unknown and Psychical Problems.) The famous astronomer has been very painstaking and careful in his studies, and in the selection of evidence to prove his assertions. The work is certainly very interesting, even to the one who does not care much for occult sciences, telepathy, mesmerism and the ideas and doctrines of Madame Blavatsky, for instance. Abundant material is furnished to illustrate the workings of the human mind and soul, but, instead of explaining, they only deepen the mystery, and leave us more hopelessly ignorant than ever. After reading the work, one feels like repeating that cry of despairing resignation of the great modern scientist, DuBois Reymond: "*Ignorabimus*."

The most interesting cases cited by M. Camille Flammarion, and which he claims to be well substantiated, are the following:

The father of a medical student left his residence to take a walk on the boulevard. After walking a few steps, he suddenly noticed at his side a beautiful woman, in whom he recognized his daughter-in-law. Stupefaction seized him, for he knew that she was with her husband, hundreds of miles away. Before he recovered his composure, the apparition had disappeared. He promptly telegraphed to his son, as he instinctively realized that something had happened, and received the intelligence that his daughter-in-law had died very suddenly. Some critics may advance the theory of hallucination on the part of the father, but how about the coincidence?

M. de Kerkhove, residing in Texas, smoked his pipe after dinner, while standing in the door of his house. To his great astonishment, he saw his grandfather, whose home was in Belgium, approaching and smiling at him. He gazed at the old man intently, and then saw him vanish in the sunlight. A few weeks after, he was notified that his grandfather had died at the identical minute, making due allowance for the degrees of longitude.

M. Chevreul, an eminent chemist, sat in his easy chair, at the fire, and was lost in a reverie. Turning his head he saw a phantom standing at the window. Somewhat excited and ill at ease, he left his place and went into an adjoining room. The few steps compelled him to approach closely to the shadow, which disappeared soon after. The apparition was that of one of his friends, who died suddenly and made him a legacy of his fine library.

The princess, Emma Carolath, related the following experience to the author: "In one of my dreams, I saw an

octagonal room, draped in red damask, and at the head of a bed a great *tableau* representing Christ, crowned with roses by a celestial genius; with a few lines of Schiller beneath. A few years after, I had occasion to visit a lonely castle, in a distant corner of Hungary, where, to my great astonishment, I discovered the room which I had seen in my dream."

Mme. Leconte de Lisle, sister-in-law of the well-known poet, relates that a superior official of the French ministry had persistently refused to go to the colonies, because some one had prophesied that he would die of the effects of a snake-bite. Finally, he succumbed to a very tempting offer and stayed for about three years in the West Indies. On his way back to France, his steamer anchored in one of the harbors of Martinique. A negress came on board the ship with a basket filled with oranges. The Government official, while selecting one, was bitten by a little, poisonous snake, and died a few hours after.

The work of M. Flammarion presents remarkable cases of prophetic vision and readings of the hidden future. It is hard either to believe or disbelieve them, because they elude the grasp of the critical faculties of reason. There is a strange conflict between the doctrine of free will and predestination, which will have to be reconciled in some manner. Psychical phenomena leave a wide and dim field for the imagination, and baffle all efforts of scientific investigation. The skeptics may deride and laugh at them, but, in the words of Shakespeare:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Francis A. Huter.

A CONVERTED MISSIONARY'S DIARY.

BY MARGARET GRAHAM.

(For the Mirror.)

San Fernando, Trinidad,
British West Indies, Jan. 1, 1900.

TWO months ago, I left my far distant Canadian home, dear land of snow-drifts and biting frost, and warm generous hearts! Here, in a tropical island, more fair than my fairest dreams had pictured it, I am carrying out my wish to see and judge for myself whether the Christian religion is as potent a factor in the moral and social regeneration of the so-called heathen as the church to which I belong teaches it is. The question of mere soul-saving doesn't trouble me; though sent here by the Presbyterian church, I must confess—only to my diary—that I am not orthodox enough to worry over the souls of those Hindus, who have died, or who shall die, believing in the Christ Krishna instead of the Christ Jesus.

Far enough from "India's coral strand," there are here one hundred thousand natives of India, from whom our church wishes to take many gods and substitute one God. With the exception of a few Mohammedans, these East Indians are Hindus. After thirty years' preaching, there are about 3,000 converts, six churches and sixty schools, the latter, however, being attended by many non-Christian Indians. My work is chiefly among the children. In the teaching of 250 children for five days of the week, I am assisted only by native girls, whom I train in the school. Visiting the children in their homes, teaching two Sunday schools, and minor matters, keep me from having the kind of hand for which a certain hero is supposed to find employment in the form of mischief.

Before I close this first entry in my diary, I have one more confession to make. I promised the friend for whom I am keeping this record, that I would only write herein very seldom, but though the history of my experiences would be a brief one, yet it would be a true one. And so I must confess to a sense of bitter disappointment, on finding that the small band—only six clergymen with their wives and families, and four lady teachers—of missionaries, who are here to proclaim a gospel founded on Love, not only believe in force, but actually hate each other! I do not mean that each missionary hates every other missionary, but between two families there exists undisguised hatred and antagonism each to the other's work. It grieves me to write this: I could not reply to a Christian Indian a few days ago who asked "Why Sahibs quarrel so when they come here? all Coolie love one another."

February 25th—Before coming here I had little real

knowledge of the lives of the men and women who, in any part of the world, earn their bread by the labor of their hands. Of course I had read of the toiling masses, and how improvident they are, and knew that in church hymns they are advised to "toil on, labor on, there's resting by and bye." But seeing through other eyes, however clear, is one thing; to see and feel for oneself, another.

This morning the good Dr. Y—, in whose family I live, was greatly pleased over the receipt of a cheque for £200 from Sir George—, the English proprietor of several extensive plantations, cultivated by 3,000 East Indians, or "Coolies," as they are commonly, if incorrectly, called, for a daily wage of twenty-five cents. The government of this crown colony—in which the people have no voice, the governor being virtually an autocrat—imports these laborers, and, under a system of indenture, which is merely a form of slavery limited as to time only, delivers them to Sir George for a period of five years. The government paternally requires certain guarantees for the humane treatment of these laborers, but Sir George has never seen either his estates or the people who produce his wealth, and certainly never troubles himself about the honesty of his attorney and the managers and overseers under him, so long as a certain number of thousand pounds are sent to him annually. He is a Christian, though, and when the sugar crop has been especially good, sends one or two hundred pounds to spread the Gospel among the Hindus, who are valuable in proportion to their ability to keep wealth from climbing into other folds than his.

Had I seen this cheque on the morning of my arrival here, I should likely have said: "What a good generous man, to give his money for mission work!" Since then have I not learned how this money is earned by those who do not receive it? Have I not watched the slender, delicate mother, whose two weeks' old baby is left to the care of a boy or girl, six or seven years of age, toil through the long day under a burning sun, for a wage of twenty-five cents? Do I not know that for these mothers, kind and affectionate towards their children, there is, there can be, no home life so long as this system lasts? I thought Christianity did so much for the Hindu woman. Alas! not yet have I seen it bring her much good.

March 31st—Yesterday our good Indian woman Mauja, who has lived with Dr. Y—'s gentle, kind wife for more than twenty years, accompanied me to Taromba estate, where, with the aid of an interpreter, I held a Sunday school for young and old. As we were leaving Faromba we met the manager whom Mauja seemed to recognize. He had just passed us when Mauja, seizing the religious weekly which I carried in my hand with a polite, "if you please, Miss," ran back to the manager, and exclaimed, "there, sir, take this and read it." The manager, who was on horseback, politely reached for the paper, expressing his thanks. When Mauja returned I asked: "Why did you give my paper to that man? You don't know him." "I know he had man," was the reply. "Mauja know one Coolie girl lived on dis estate. He no treat women well. Now you come here convert Mauja's people, Mauja go try convert your country man."

I told this incident to Dr. Y—. "Yes, yes, it is sad that professing Christians, by the example of immoral lives, make the work of converting the heathen so difficult, but this man is not a true Christian, you must remember."

"True," I replied "but how are the heathen to distinguish, when all who assent to the doctrines of Christianity are broadly labelled Christian?"

May 20th—I have just returned from a visit to a sick Mohammedan boy to whom I had sent some medicine a few days ago. Bahadur's parents were exceedingly grateful and, after acknowledging their repeated "salaams," I asked the bright-faced father if he would come to our church some day.

"Me no want Christian church: you have too much gods."

"Oh no, we have but one God."

"Dat you say, but Christians tell too much lies. You have"—he counted on his fingers—"dis Englis' god, dis French god, dis Coolie (Canadian Presbyterian) god, dis Scotch god—mebby more gods dis Coolie don't know 'bout, Mohammedans only one god"—he reverently pointed to the sky. In vain did I try to explain that in all these churches one God was worshiped. "They all make too much fight," he said, "all tell too much lies. White Chris-

tians make laws for Indian people, say must shut shops on Sunday, no bring yams and rice in town dat day; white man go open shop back door, sell rum, sell anyting." Then the good-hearted fellow, evidently fearing lest he had hurt me by his frank speech, hurriedly began to thank me again for coming to see his boy. And the mother whispered comfortingly, as I arose to come away, "Mebby me be Christian some day, mem Sahib."

June 30th—So many incidents have occurred, since I last wrote in my diary, to still further shake my faith in the work of converting the Hindus to Christianity. But I cannot write of them, I am too much troubled over my inconsistency in continuing to receive money from and attempting to do the work of a church in which I no longer believe. Am I not obtaining money under false pretences? I must make some excuse for resigning my position. Yet why make excuses for being honest in following my convictions? It is not that I mind being known as a heretic, but the friends who have been so good to me here, and who honestly believe in the work they are doing—them I cannot bear to wound, as I know an open avowal of my changed opinion would wound. And I do love the children—they are so bright, so lovable, so glad to learn. If only there were less religious teaching!

September 20th—The last time I shall write in a Trinidad diary. For I am going home—a converted missionary. Yes, the heathen have converted me, not to their creed, but from mine. And the fates are kind. I have been ill many weeks. The work has been too great for a young girl, the doctors say, and I must return to the North immediately. I shall miss the dear brown faces, and the white faces who have been so kind to me; shall often long for a glimpse of this beautiful island that I love and the delights of its perpetual summer, but from henceforth I must find other fields of activity than in helping English Christians force their religion, customs and laws upon the quaint, charming, moral people of India.

THE PREMIER CITY.

SOME ASPECTS OF LIVING IN NEW YORK.

(MIRROR Correspondence.)

I AM looking from the twentieth story of the Trust Society's building down upon the wonderful panorama of New York. On all sides rise the lofty structures, fronts of iron and stone, that have within the last few years so crowded the sky line of the great city. Far below, the classical outlines of the City Hall appear as if telescoped from this towering height. Not so many years ago City Hall, dwarfed as it now is by its gigantic neighbors, was regarded with a high degree of civic pride as being about our worthiest monument in an architectural way. It is, indeed, still praiseworthy for its correct taste, but there the wonder of it ends. A little to the southwest the Syndicate building, highest of all, springs, a solid, white shaft, crowned with its twin towers, into the blue April sky. From this distance the eye can hardly measure the interval between story and story. Mr. Pulitzer's soaring dome looms opposite, no longer the most exalted point in the city, but not yet wholly discountenanced by later prodigies. Away down in Park Row the people look like ants, and their hurry and bustle has a comic effect. The immense clamor of the street comes up a softened murmur. It is hard to believe that all this microscopic activity can have any serious purpose—how serious it is, nevertheless, to the people away down there, one is permitted to surmise.

Says in my ear a man from Boulder, Colo., looking with me from this fantastic height: "For a healthy, natural life, give me the Western country every time. But if you've got to live in a big town, New York's the only spot!"

My friend from Boulder will not be lonesome in his opinion while he stays in these parts. New York is more than ever the Mecca, not merely of the capitalist and speculator, the men who set their wits against the world for its best prizes, but of every one who is able to get here. All expect, with true American optimism, to better their fortunes. Many, it goes without saying, are and will be cruelly disappointed. For one who gets rich quick, hundreds never rise above a bare subsistence. Here, as elsewhere, there are more men than opportunities. Nowhere does the individual count for so little. Once down the

crowd tramples over him. He is forgotten in a second—in fact, the crowd never knew he was living. To be just, not that New York is without charity or humanity, but life is organized here upon such a scale that the individual is necessarily a "negligible factor." The street beggar fares badly here, from common observation, yet the city gives immense sums to relieve the poor. A man will sink in this vast human vortex, with a cry for help in his throat, and none will stretch out a hand to him. Sometimes, indeed, such a spectacle is dramatized and a poor devil suddenly finds himself the object of a sympathy and beneficence that know no bounds. But this only signifies that the crowd has paused for a moment to pity its own possible fate, in a vicarious way, or, maybe, to do itself the grace of a little act of expiation. In any case, the incident is exceptional. A man would better be marooned on a desert island without food or water than in the great city of New York without a dollar in his pocket.

The city is absurdly overcrowded for business as well as living purposes, though the commercial buildings rise ever higher into the realm of the clouds, and the habitable surface area of the island is rigidly economized. There is something factitious about this exaggerated congestion of life at one point, when one thinks of the limitless spaces of the West. Colorado, as the man from Boulder reminded me, is considerably larger in area than the Empire State, while its population is scarcely equal to a third of Brooklyn's. Comparatively speaking, not much wealth is created in New York City, and, as the number of financial magnates and successful promoters must always be relatively small, it would seem that a portion of Gotham's vast overplus in population might be profitably diverted to Colorado or some other section rich in natural resources. This is not offered as a profound economic discovery. Greed of money, lust of the dollar, is the magnet that draws people to New York and will ever continue to draw them while the city holds its commercial preponderance. Many of those here, many more who are yet to come, would do better to go elsewhere, could they rid themselves of the idea that New York opens for them an unequalled opportunity. It is certain that a man with a family to support and small means for the job would be happier and better off in a hundred ways in some small interior city. There he might have a small house, "all to himself," and a yard for the children—which he will no more get in Manhattan than a palace on Fifth avenue.

Apart from the strong attraction of New York as a money-making center, it would be idle to deny that the city has a charm of its own, independent even of the almighty dollar. Newcomers to Gotham are told, "You'll hate this place for six months. After a year you can't be driven away." I am not able to confirm this by actual experience, but it seems likely enough, not only from the inconveniently large number of people who have elected to stay, but also from the attachment which one begins gradually to feel toward the great city. To become a seasoned New Yorker, one must first part with one's (if you please) provincial prejudices. Chief among these is the taste for a quiet life. For all but an infinitely small fraction of the people on this island, that is absolutely out of the question. You can have peace here, but quiet, never. Yet the brain-wearing impact of noise peculiar to Gotham becomes mercifully softened in time. I know a man who picks his lodging with care on the line of the Ninth Avenue L. The rattaplan of the trains helps him to sleep, he says. Time was, when he lived in a country town, when going to bed was like going down into a well, and no dog barked after nine o'clock. There is hope for every one who can stay long enough in New York to have a corresponding change wrought in his system.

Even the crowding of people in the great flat houses is not nearly so unqualified an evil as it is commonly said to be. Of course I am not now referring to the East Side tenements, the horrors of which can hardly be exaggerated. I mean rather the flat houses, "improved" up to date, on the west side, in good neighborhoods, in which apartments are let at sufficiently steep prices. When one first gets into such a house, where there are nine other families besides his own, his sense of privacy, the home sense which he brought from some small town up the country, is so ruthlessly invaded, that he despairs of ever again recovering his peace of mind. Also he probably begins to revise the plans which landed him in New York, and to ask himself why he was such an eternal idiot as to leave the comfort-

able precincts of the little town, where he had a snug cottage with a garden for less rent than he now pays for his up-town flat. But this feeling does not last. After a little he sees that he has really more privacy than he was able to command at East Lonelyville. There are, of course, too many people in the house, but they are respectable and attend strictly to their own affairs. If he lives here for fifty years they will trouble him less than one neighbor at Lonelyville. So the man reasons it out philosophically, but his wife is an imperfect logician and refuses to be thus consoled.

The rush for the Brooklyn Bridge every night is often cited as a spectacle that ill agrees with the stomach of a newcomer. Such an exhibition of the brutality of the mob is not to be seen anywhere else in this country. Men, and women, too, become fairly bestial in their frantic strife for a seat or a standing place in the fearfully over-taxed cars. The sentiment of chivalry toward the weaker sex, of regard for age, of abnegation of self, is not merely lost under such circumstances—it is wholly inconceivable. Not so long since the newspapers of New York teemed with denunciation of a French ship's crew who, in a moment of panic, throwing manhood and discipline to the winds, seized the boats for themselves, leaving the women and children to perish. It seems to me that the Brooklyn Bridge every night offers a spectacle in kind, differing only in degree.

And yet, even in this exaggerated instance, the newcomer is forced to make a necessary qualification. There is not, after all, so much brutality and selfishness as appears to his unaccustomed eye. For the crowding there is no help while the transit facilities remain inadequate at certain hours, and while the space afforded by this little corner of the continent is out of all proportion to the demands made upon it. The overcrowding of human beings will always develop symptoms that are disagreeable to the philanthropist, however pleasing such a condition may be to the soulless corporations that control the franchises.

One has spent his time to little purpose in New York who has not observed, or felt in his own person, the exhilaration that results from this superabundant movement and life. This it is that makes the gayety of great capitals, and this it is that helps one to endure the burden of existence in the greater Gotham. Outside of and embracing the life of the individual is the life of the great city. In this greater life the poorest New Yorker shares as well as the richest—often indeed shares it more keenly and sensibly. The sentiment of local pride is nowhere stronger or more general. Every New Yorker feels himself a part of this immense progress that is constantly achieving fresh marvels. His interest in the city almost excludes the rest of the country. To the Parisian, *le vrai boulevardier*, there is only Paris; to the true New Yorker only New York.

It is curious how this civic provincialism affects the status of even eminent men before the country at large. New York has had few tenants in the White House. With all her tremendous prestige and wealth she is rarely gratified with a Presidential nomination. The present leader of the national Democracy hails from Lincoln, Nebraska. The Republican leader and President comes from a modest Ohio town. New York is a jealous mother to her darling sons. It is seldom that they achieve great distinction beyond her borders. Richard Croker holds this city in the hollow of his hand, even while he is at his paddock at Wantage, England. But Mr. Croker has wisely contented himself with what New York can give him. He is famous for his ignorance of political conditions in the interior of the State—probably couldn't name ten counties if he were put to it—and is not distinguished for a luminous view of politics anywhere outside of New York. David B. Hill, who knows every dot on the political map of the United States and who is indubitably one of the few great practical politicians of our time, fetches his ancestry from Chemung country. Yet the handicap of New York was sufficient to overcome Mr. Hill in his crowning ambition. Chauncey Depew, idolized as he is here, has, before the country at large, never stood up to his local reputation. In the United States Senate he is a melancholy anachronism. Teddy Roosevelt, another darling son, rebels against the fatalism that has operated against so many ambitious New Yorkers, but there is small ground for hope that Teddy will create a new precedent. His destiny, personified in T. C. Platt,

is accredited to Tioga county, which may account for his well-marked superiority in certain aspects of the political boss, to the great Mr. Croker himself.

Few New Yorkers, however, trouble themselves with the bugbear of political fatalism which is making so much worry just now for the eminent Cromwellian historian at Albany. To most men on this island, New York offers prizes that are well worth striving for, to the exclusion of anything that may be had elsewhere. Riches, political honors, social distinctions—these are here for the winning, and the man who gets a full measure of all that New York can give may look down upon the princes of the earth. "The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome," may not be hers, for her possession is the substance, not the shadow of things. Here she is, not the less, at the gate of the great continent upon whose history in the future depends, in great part, the destiny of the children of men. In her enormous wealth, in her contrasted poverty, in the miracles of her accomplishment, in the magnificent daring of her enterprise, in the mingled virtues and vices of her political system—here she stands, the epitome of the American problem. Not the most beautiful city in the world—it were too soon to expect that—yet a city that has dared to be beautiful in a lawless and original fashion and to whom another hundred years may deliver the crown of Paris. Not the best city in the world—yet a city whose account of good and evil need make no just man despair. Not the most desirable city in the world—yet the only city in her class that knows no man for aught except what he is and has made of himself, that throws wide open the doors of opportunity without distinction or favoritism, in whose courts all men are equal, and, best of all, a city that holds within herself a remedy for every evil that may develop in her peculiar civilization.

Such is New York as every man must see her, whose eyes are unclouded by prejudice. I concur with my friend from Boulder that the broad spaces of the Western country afford the best environment for a healthy, natural life. But alas! the town is ever encroaching upon the country, and if it must be a town—a big one—that we have to worry along in, why, by all means, let it be New York.

New York, April 13th, 1900.

Michael Monahan.

DOGS.

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

(Translated from the French, for the MIRROR, by A. Lebalie.)

I HAVE never blushed, even before my young contemporaries, for my confessed admiration of Buffon; but to-day it is not the soul of this painter of grandiose nature that I wish to evoke to my aid. No.

Far more willingly would I address myself to Sterne, and say to him: "Descend from the skies, or come to me from the Elysian Fields, to inspire within me in praise of dogs, faithful dogs, vagabond dogs, a song that shall be worthy of thee, burlesquer of sentiment, jester incomparable! Return astride the famous ass that forever accompanies you in the memory of posterity; and, above all, do not forget to let him carry the immortal macaroon, delicately balanced, between his lips!"

Away from me, Muse academic! No need have I of this haughty old prude. I will invoke the Muse familiar, hackneyed and virile, that she inspire me to immortalize the faithful, sorry, vagabond, draggled street-cure that every one avoids as pests and vermin-breeders, except the poor who are their associates, and the poet who regards them with a brotherly eye.

Out upon the insipid beauty, that foppish quadruped, the Dane, King Charles, Pug or Gredin, so enchanted with himself that he darts indiscreetly between the legs, or under the knees of the visitor, as though sure of finding favor, turbulent as a child, stupid as a harlot, sometimes surly and insolent as a servant! Especially avoid those four-footed serpents, shivering and useless, that are called greyhounds, in whose pointed muzzles there abides not sufficient scent to trail a friend, nor enough intelligence in their flattened heads to play dominoes!

To their kennels, all these wearisome parasites!

Let them return to their silken, fleece-lined houses! I sing of the mongrel, the homeless dog, the unkempt dog, the tramp-dog, the performing dog, the dog whose instinct, like that of the poor, the Bohemian and the actor, is

SPRING FASHIONS IN ALL THEIR SPLENDOR

ARE TO BE SEEN AS NOWHERE ELSE AT

Nugent's

GREAT REMODELED STORE.

The Distinct Individuality and Grace
which have given

Nugent's Styles a National Reputation

Will be Instantly Recognized by the Ladies of St. Louis.

The Keynote of the Store's Wonderful Growth

IS

RELIABILITY.

Fair Prices! Good Service! Great Stocks! Many Special Bargains!

One Instance

of how well

we serve

The Public.

\$13.50 Silk Skirts for \$9.95.

PANCY PLAIDS in Red and Black, Lavender and Black, Black and White and Mixtures with deep Accordion-Pleated Flounces and Black Silk Ruching—Magnificent Skirts in every way. Worth every penny of what we say, yet—as the result of a special purchase,

NINE DOLLARS AND NINETY-FIVE CENTS ONLY.

B. NUGENT & BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.



marvelously sharpened by Necessity,—that good mother, that true patron-saint of intellect!

I sing of the unfortunate dogs, those who wander, companionless, amid the sinuous ravines of great cities, or, it may be, those who have said to the abandoned man, with their blinking, spirituelle eyes: "Take me with you, and from the united despair of both, we may, perhaps, form a species of happiness!"

"Whither go the Dogs?" once said Nestor Roqueplan in an immortal feuilleton that he has doubtless forgotten, and which only I, and, perhaps, Sainte-Beuve recall again today.

Whither go the dogs, do you ask, O man of limited observation? About their business.

Rendezvous of business or love. Through the fog, across the snows, across the mire, under the biting heat of dog-days, under the penetrating rains, they go and come; they patter along under the carriages, goaded on by fleas, passions, necessity or duty. Like us, they have risen at an early hour, and seek their living, or follow pleasure's beck.

There are those among them who inhabit some ruined dwelling in the outskirts and come each day, at a fixed hour, to claim alms at the door of a kitchen in the Palais-Royal; others file in troops, more than five leagues' distance, to share the repast of charity, prepared for them by certain sexagenarian old-maids, whose unoccupied hearts are delivered over to animals, because imbecile mankind has no further need of them; others who, like fugitive negroes, deflected by love, quit their haunts on certain days and come to the city to pay court, for an hour or two, to their beautiful lady-loves, somewhat careless of toilet, but proud and appreciative, nevertheless.

And they are very prompt to their appointments, without memoranda, notes or reference-books.

Are you familiar with the indolent Belgian, and have you admired, as I have, those powerful dogs, harnessed to the butcher's wagon, utilized by the milkman, or the baker, that testify by their triumphant barks to the pride they feel in rivaling the horse?

And here are two that belong to a still-higher order of

civilization! Permit me to invite you to the room of an absent master. A painted wooden bed without hangings, bed-covers awry and soiled with vermin, two rush-chairs, an iron frying-pan, and one or two battered musical-instruments. Oh! what shabby furnishings! But, I pray you, look at those two intelligent creatures, attired in frayed but sumptuous vesture, coiffed like troubadours or soldiers, watching, with the earnestness of sorcerers, that nameless thing that simmers in the pan, and in the centre of which a long spoon stands upright, like one of those aerial masts erected on a piece of unfinished masonry.

Is it not just that such zealous comedians should not start on their journey without having fortified the stomach with a powerful, solid soup? And will you not pardon a little sensuality to these poor devils, who, each day of their lives, are affronted with the indifference of the public, and the injustice of a manager who claims the gross receipts and eats more soup than four comedians?

How often, smiling and compassionate, have I contemplated all these four-footed philosophers, complacent slaves, submissive or devoted, that the republic might well commission as dependents, if it were not too occupied with the welfare of men, to be considerate for the good of dogs!

And how many times have I thought that there might be, somewhere, (who knows, after all?) a recompense for so much courage, patience and labor, a special paradise for the good dogs, the faithful, sorry and desolate ones. Swedenborg declares that there is certainly one for Turks and the people of Holland!

The shepherds of Virgil and Theocritus awaited, as a price for their successive songs, a good cheese, a flute of better make, or a goat with bountiful udder. The poet who sang of the poor dogs received, as a recompense, a beautiful waist coat of rich, dimmed colors, reminiscent of autumn suns and the ripe beauty of woman, or the summers of Saint Martin.

None of those who were present in the tavern of Villa-Hermosa will forget with what impetuous haste the artist divested himself of his waistcoat, in favor of the poet, so

well he understood that it was good and honest to sing in praise of these poor creatures.

Thus, a powerful Italian tyrant in the olden days, offered to the divine Aretino a dagger enriched with precious stones, or a court-mantle, in exchange for a precious sonnet or a curious satiric poem.

So, each time the poet buckles on the blouse of the artist, he must need be reminded of the faithful dog, the philosophical dog, and, by the law of association, the summers of Saint Martin, and the apotheosis of beautiful woman hood.

WHERE THE PELICAN BUILDS.

AN AUSTRALIAN LYRIC.

(The pelican's nesting-place can never be discovered.)

THE horses were ready, the rails were down,
But the riders lingered still—
One had a parting word to say
And one had a pipe to fill.
Then, they mounted, one with a granted prayer,
And one with a grief unguessed.
"We are going," they said, as they rode away,
"Where the pelican builds her nest!"

They had told us of pastures wide and green,
To be sought past the sunset's glow;
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit;
And gold 'neath the river's flow,
And thirst and hunger were banished words
When they spoke of that unknown West.
No drought they dreaded, no flood they feared,
Where the pelican builds her nest!

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep
When we watched them crossing there;
The rains have replenished it thrice since then,
And thrice has the rock lain bare.
But the waters of Hope have flown and fled,
And never from blue hill's breast
Come back—by the sun and the sands devoured—
Where the pelican builds her nest!

Mary Hannay Foott.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Miss Mason, Miss Maud Niedringhaus and Miss Erwin Hayward are at present in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Duthiel Cabanne and family left, the early part of the week, for Fountain Ferry, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lemp, who sail for Europe in May, will be accompanied by Miss Elsa Lemp and Mr. Edwin Lemp.

Mr. Will Perry and his bride have gone East to take passage for Europe, as they expect to reside in Paris for the next five years.

Among the Wednesday weddings this week, was that of Miss Virginia Conzelman, of 2901 Morgan street, and Mr. G. A. Green. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the Conzelman residence.

Mrs. James Hale, of 28th and Dickson street, has formally announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ida Hale, to Mr. Harvey Stewart of Denver, Colorado. The date set for the wedding is June 28th.

Mrs. E. P. Conroy, of Forest Park Boulevard, will give a large and handsome children's party next week, in honor of her little son Robert, to celebrate his seventh birthday. About fifty children will be invited.

Miss Ella Hammerstein and Dr. William J. Miller were married on Wednesday evening and a large reception was held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. Hammerstein, of 1901 South Compton avenue.

Miss Eva Louise Keyser and Mr. Walter Hyde Saunders were married on Wednesday evening at the bride's home, 1728 Wagner place, and Mrs. L. V. Bragdon and Dr. Ehrhardt were joined in wedlock, on the same evening.

To-morrow evening at Henneman Hall 3723 Olive street, there will be a presentation of "The Doctor of Alcantara," Julius Eichberg's comic opera in two acts. The New Church Young People's Society are the performers, the proceeds to be for the benefit of the church. Tickets for the performance are 25 cents. Among the performers are Dr. Malcolm Robb, Miss Theresa W. Smith, Miss Ida Yeager, Miss Belle R. Youngblood, Mr. P. W. Grether, Mr. Sterling Jones, Mr. L. R. Boswell.

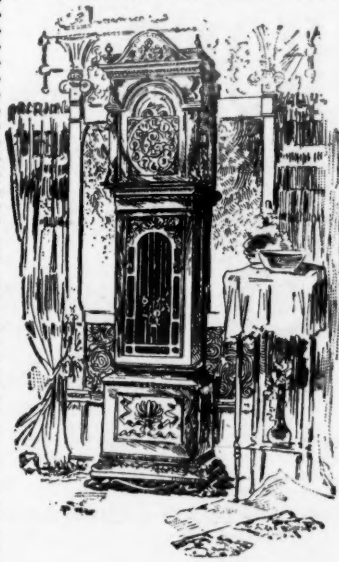
Mrs. Martin Shaughnessy of the Lindell Hotel, entertained the Luncheon Euchre Club, Tuesday afternoon. The table arranged for sixteen guests, was ornamented with Easter flowers. The name and tally cards were illuminated in dainty Easter symbolism. After a course luncheon the guests played euchre for two hours, when the prizes, handsome miniature plates, were allotted. The guests were, Mesdames Will Bremser, Joe Barr, Henry Schroeder, George Holliday, Kroegel, Henry Block, McCaughan, Bassett Henderson, Deuhe, John Bruner, W. Rutter, Walter Candy, Heath, Guhman, and Miss Bertha Stolle.

The wedding of Miss Fanny Emily Orthwein and Dr. William Samuel Thomas Smith, of Kansas City, took place Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock at the Lafayette Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Palmer officiating. Miss Orthwein, was the daughter of the late Charles F. Orthwein. Dr. Smith is a physician of Kansas City. Owing to the fact that the Orthwein family are in mourning, no formal reception was held after the ceremony. The bride entered the church with her brother, Mr. William J. Orthwein, who gave her away. She wore a

lovely princesse gown of white duchesse satin en traine, trimmed with alternate rows of chiffon plisses and fine old lace, which was also used to ornament the high-cut bodice. The latter was made with long tulle sleeves and laced all the way down the back. A tulle veil was worn fastened with a spray of lilies of the valley. Miss Perla Strauss, the maid of honor, was gowned in pure white silk mull over white silk, and trimmed with lace, the skirt was en demi traine, with a low cut bodice. The bridesmaids were Misses Ella J. Homer, Cora Archer, of Malvern, Ark.; Marie Everts, Ruth Orthwein and Lillie Trorlicht. They all wore toilettes similar to that of the maid of honor, except that they were of pale rose colored silk mull over white silk. Each of these young ladies wore a pretty pin of two intertwined hearts, set with pearls and surmounted with a crown of pearls, the bride's gift to them. Mr. Charles P. J. Bryant, of Kansas City, was the best man, and Messrs. Edward Preetorius, Harry Bauer, Edward Bauer, Theodore L. Blair and Armin Orthwein, groomsmen. The groom gave each of his attendants a scarf pin of fleur de lys design set with pearls. After the ceremony a bridal dinner was served for sixty-five guests. After the dinner the bridal party received in the parlor. After the reception Dr. and Mrs. Smith left for a bridal tour, before going to their home in Kansas City. Among the out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Orthwein, of Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Smith, of Kansas City, and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hall, of the same place, also Misses Alice and Nellie Orthwein.

Exquisite Tiffany glass vases in iridescent and opalescent effects, are the latest fad. A beautiful line of them just received at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh street.

One of the largest and most fashionable of the week's weddings was that of Miss Mary Susan Glasgow and Mr. William Walter Bowling, of Baltimore, Md., at Christ Church Cathedral, at six o'clock on Easter Monday evening. Mrs. Frank O'Fallon, the bride's sister, was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Misses Carrie Carson, Margaret Ware, Barbara Cousland and Frances Hoyt. Mr. Archie G. Douglass was the best man, and the groomsmen and ushers were, Messrs. Julian K. Glasgow, Frank Glasgow, Dean Glasgow, Robert A. Holland, Jr., William Mitchell, Charles O'Fallon, Nathaniel Mansfield, of Peoria, and Lee Bowling, of Baltimore. The bridal party also included two little flower girls, Misses Carlotta Glasgow and Lillian Newton, of Peoria. The church decorations were of Easter significance. The music was arranged especially for the occasion. The full choir sang the rose chorus, by Cowen. The bride's two little nephews, Masters William Glasgow O'Fallon and John Julian O'Fallon, who have been chorister boys for some time at Christ Church, were prominent in the music on this occasion. Dr. E. J. Glasgow came in with his niece and gave her away. The bride wore a bridal robe of white satin brocaded in a graceful design of Easter lilies. The skirt was made with elegant simplicity, having a long court train, and the bodice, cut low and sleeveless, was filled in with a guimp and sleeves of point duchesse lace, and had plisses of the same in a graceful cascade effect. The tulle veil was fastened with a spray of white roses, and she carried, instead of a bouquet, an ivory-bound prayer book and a few loose roses. Mrs. O'Fallon



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Mercantile Club Building,

Seventh and Locust Sts.

THE MECHANICS' BANK,

Fourth and Pine Streets.

Capital,	=	=	=	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus,	=	=	=	\$500,000.00

We solicit the accounts of ladies, for whom a reception room with all conveniences is provided.

was in a gown of pale, heliotrope crepe de chine, made in the prevailing mode. The skirt was en demi traine with a low cut bodice ornamented with a quantity of point duchesse lace. She carried a bouquet of white lilacs. The bridesmaids' gowns were of white organdie over white silk, and the whole from head to foot made up of a bewildering amount of tucks and lace insertion. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Dr. E. J. Glasgow, instead of at Mrs. O'Fallon's, as had been originally intended, the change being made at the last moment on account of the serious illness of her little boy. No guests save relatives and very intimate friends were at the reception, as the death of the bride's uncle, a short time ago, precluded a general reception. Mrs. A. F. Damon and Miss Tera Damon, of New York, who came on for the wedding, were of the receiving party. After a bridal tour the couple will reside at the Stafford, in Baltimore, from May 1st.

A visitor at a Columbia, Mo., school the other day asked one of the lower-grade classes this question: "What is the axis of the earth?" "An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," proudly answered a pupil. "Yes," said the examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?" "Yes, sir." "Indeed! And what kind of a bonnet?" "An imaginary bonnet, sir." The visitor asked no more question. You see how the young idea shoots, and shoots straight. An imaginary bonnet is a reality. That is it's an ideal bonnet. The ideal is the real. So the shoe you buy at Swope's is an ideal shoe, and at the same time a real one, though not imaginary. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish, fashion, durability. Prices reasonably high. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Habit Makers.Riding Habits and Bicycle Suits
A SPECIALTY.1021 North Vandeventer Avenue,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

A Special Department for Remodeling
Garments into the Latest Styles.

The Pater—"If my daughter marries you I wish her to live in the style to which she has been accustomed." The Suitor—"That's all right, sir; your home shall be ours!"—
Town Topics.

New importations in Art bronzes, Terra Cottas and Vienna golden cut glass, just received from the art centers of Europe. These goods are unique and entirely new, and are well worth a visit of inspection. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh street.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. Dumont Jones has gone to Red Bud, Montana, to visit her daughter, who is a religieuse in a convent there.

The marriage of Miss Josephine Seitz and Mr. W. R. Bensburg, of Milwaukee, will take place some time in June.

Mrs. Maria I. Johnson is entertaining Miss Rena Holland, of Greenville, Miss., and Miss Rose Waddell of Sedalia Mo.

Mrs. Fred Kretschmar will give a reception on Friday, April 20th, from 3 to 5 o'clock, at 5024 Westminster Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis Porcher have given up their house on Morgan street, and are now at 6945 Mitchell avenue, in Benton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brandt, of Washington Avenue, are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Charles E. Patterson, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schlossstein and Miss Laura Seitz are at French Lick Springs just now and will spend the summer at Colorado Springs.

The engagement of Miss Mabel Woolf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Woolf, to Mr. William Gottlieb, has just been announced.

Miss Rosalie Kauffman, of the High School, is going abroad soon, with Misses May and Florence Goldman, to visit the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. Pierre Bremond, of Austin, Texas, so well known as Miss Nina Abadie in St. Louis, is here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Abadie, of Washington Boulevard.

A delightful musicale was given last evening by the Jefferson Chapter of the D. A. R. at the residence of the President, Mrs. Mary Polk Winn, 3730 Delmar Boulevard. About seventy ladies, including the members, were invited to meet Advisory Board of the Chapter.

Mrs. Saunders Foster and her son, Mr. Charles Foster, will go abroad on April 23d, to spend the summer in European travel, and visit the Paris Exposition. Mrs. Adelaide Wiggins Barnett will keep the two little girls, Misses May and Virginia Foster, who have just recovered from an attack of typhoid fever, and take them for the summer to We-que-ton-sing.

Miss Elizabeth Semple, of 3745 Pine street, gave a tea on Monday afternoon, to announce the engagement of Miss Sadie Bryson to Dr. Given Campbell. Miss Bryson and Miss Semple received the guests, in the parlors, which were decorated with bunches of spring flowers. The young ladies who served were: Misses Bertha Semple, Isabel Belcher, May Scott, Alice Moulton, Mary Kennard and Sue Moulton.

Mrs. John H. Duncan, of 4229 Westminster Place, gave a violet luncheon on Friday last in honor of Mrs. Porter Hovey and Mrs. Edward Swinney, of Kansas City, who were then guests of Mrs. F. E. Marshall. The other ladies invited were Mrs. F. E. Marshall, Mrs. John B. Slaughter, Mrs. John A. Ockerson, Mrs. Forrest Ferguson, Mrs. Francis Raymond, Mrs. Ryland Rash, Mrs. Frank Nifong, Mrs. Joseph Holliday and Mrs. Warren Bailey. The decorations for this affair were unusually handsome. The centre piece of the table was a large basket of violets surrounded with hyacinths of a lighter shade. The name cards were of violet color with the hostess' monogram done in gold. All of the ices and crystal-

lized fruits carried out the color tone and each guest received an easter egg of violet tint, tied with ribbon to match. The souvenirs of the occasion were purple wicker baskets filled with California violets, tied with violet ribbons, and the handle of each basket formed of natural violets.

Mrs. Cyrus Walbridge of 3714 Westminster Place gave a reception on last Thursday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. J. Henry George of Montreal, Canada, who is visiting friends in St. Louis. Mrs. George is the wife of the former pastor of the First Congregational Church of this city, and has many warm friends who were delighted with the opportunity to have a chance of renewing her acquaintance. Spring flowers were used in the decorations, the parlor being done in jouquils which harmonized with the colors of the room. The hall was all white and green, and the library filled with masses of Easter lillies. Prettiest of all however, was the dining room, which was a rich mass of tones, carried out in violets and hyacinth. Four ladies served at the table, they were Mesdames George Bentley and Edward Merrill, and Misses Margaret Whitelaw and Bertha Townsend. In the library, Misses Katharine Van Norstrand, and Hattie Farrey served frappe. The ladies without hats were Mesdames, K. K. Merrill, H. T. Merrill, O. L. Whitelaw, C. H. Patton, and Miss Alice Knapp of Honolulu.

On Easter Monday, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Elizabeth Breckenridge, the youngest daughter of the late Judge Samuel Breckenridge, was married to Lieut. Mason Field, of the U. S. N., Professor in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The wedding was a very quiet affair, no one save the two families and the most intimate friends being present. The bride looked very handsome and stately in her white satin wedding gown, trimmed in point lace and chiffon, and carried, instead of flowers, a white satin prayer book. She was attended only by her little niece, Miss Margaret Long, who wore a frock of white Paris muslin. The bride entered the drawing-room on the arm of her brother-in-law, Judge Henry L. Edmunds, and the groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Charles Field, of Baltimore, as best man. Rev. Dr. Niccols performed the ceremony. The rooms were very tastefully decorated with lilies of the valley and bride roses, and the refreshment table was also in bridal white. Lieut. Field and his bride left the same evening for the East, and will reside in Annapolis.

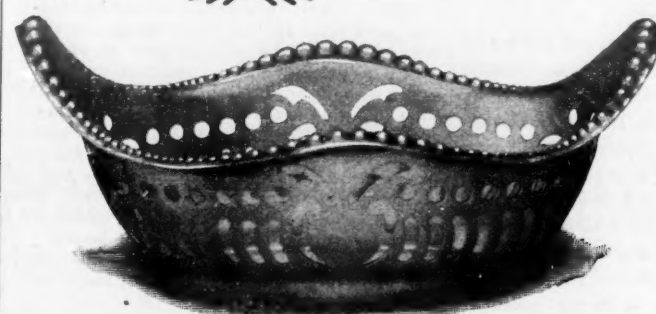
Miss Eliza Clendenin's marriage to Mr. Douglas Robert, will take place at six o'clock this evening, at St. Peters Episcopal Church, Rev. P. G. Robert, the groom's father officiating. The reception which will take place afterwards at the home of the brides mother, Mrs. Isabella Clendenin, 5043 Washington Boulevard, will be exclusively for the relatives of the two families and a few intimate friends. All of the maids are cousins of the bride. Miss Mary Mitchell will be maid of honor, and Misses Fannie Carr, Ellen B. Fisher, Dorcas Phillips, and Misses Kelwedge of New Orleans, and Frayser of Louisville. Miss Kelwedge is a cousin of the groom. Mr. Edward S. Robert will be best man, and Messrs Lee Robert, Henry Blossom, Hamilton Prather of Louisville Ky., Dunbar Hunt, and Dent Robert of San Francisco Cal., will serve as groomsmen. Miss Clendenin will have a wedding gown of white liberty satin veiled in chiffon, the skirt made with a long court train with

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Lowest Priced House in
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billowy plisses of chiffon and ruffles of rare old family lace. The bodice will have a guimp of puckered chiffon and point lace, and the tulle veil, will be fastened with a spray of lillies of the valley. The maid of honor, will wear pale green liberty satin veiled in chiffon of the same shade, and trimmed with plisses and lace. The bridesmaids' gowns will be of white organdie.

Miss J. I. Lea,
Scalp Treatment,
304 Century Building.

BLUE BLOOD AND HATS.

"There is a great deal in appearances," said Mrs. Wynkin de Worde, "especially when one hasn't blue blood in one's veins. Now I can wear anything I like, and the reporters always speak of my toilettes with enthusiasm. By the way, did you see my Easter toque?"

"No," replied Mrs. Smithton, "I didn't go to church, Sunday."

"I am sorry for that, for even those hateful Jones girls, whose Pa made his money in hogs, were obliged to praise it. You know it cost an even thirty at Mrs. —'s."

But what did you get in the shape of an Easter hat?"

"O, I went to Rosenheim, the milliner, and told him I wanted something 'resher-shay,' and he handed me over to the tender mercies of his head saleswoman. 'Give me a hat, my dear,' I says to her, 'as if you were choosing it for yourself.' And she certainly gave me a lovely hat. And at a price that even my husband said was very reasonable."

"Do any of the smart set buy their millinery of Rosenheim?"

"That's the cream of his trade. He has the prettiest stock in St. Louis, and ladies who are 'posted' are his steady customers."

"What is his address?"

"No. 515 Locust street, Rosenheim, the milliner."

Hand carved ivories. Vienna bronzes and a complete assortment of truly beautiful Royal Bonn and Royal Vienna ware are among our March importations. Call and see them. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

"That little boy seems as busy as a bee," "Yes, he has hives."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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Our Spring Stock for 1900 is now in,
and we are ready to show you the
Most Complete General Variety of

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DEALER.

WATCH OUR WINDOWS

INSIDE OF LOCAL POLITICS.

The local Democratic fight has one phase that does not get much attention. That is the phase which reveals it as a brewery fight. The war between Hawes and Brady is a war also between Stuever and Lemp. Stuever has made his political prominence pay in getting his Home beer into many saloons, the proprietors of which realize that it is well to do business with a brewer who stands well with the Governor and the Mayor and who has the power to prevent police interference with the saloons. The Lemp's are represented in politics by Charlie Lemp, a clever and capable man, a friend of Ben Brady. Lemp's brewery is a vast affair, but it doesn't particularly relish the alleged use of Mr. Stuever's place on the Police Board to promote the sale of Home beer at the expense of the Lemp concern. For that matter, Mr. Stuever's political pull for his own beer is resented by the other great brewing interests also, and the enormous Anheuser-Busch concern, the syndicate establishments, the American, the Columbia and all other breweries are making common cause against Mr. Stuever's attempt to eliminate Mr. Charlie Lemp as a political factor. The dominance of Ben Brady and Tom Barrett in the City Committee meant domination of Lemp influences and the rolling of the Brady-Barrett-Blong faction was largely prompted by the desire of Mr. Stuever to have none but friends of "Home" beer on guard in the Democratic party. Mr. Stuever is close to the present Republican Administration and to Republican saloon keepers. So that Mr. Stuever appears to have both parties about as effectively fixed for his beer, as Mr. Whitaker has the two parties fixed for the interests of the St. Louis Transit Company. Mr. Stuever stands with Mr. Hawes and Col. Ed Butler and these, with the police force organized into the Jefferson Club, make a strong combine. It is not to be disputed, however, that if the Brady-Barrett-Blong element have the big brewery interests antagonistic to Stuever with them, they will be able to put up a strong fight. The opposition to Hawes because of his alliance with Col. Butler continues to develop in strength. Leaders like Col. Bill Swift and Mr. Ed. Devoy do not believe in the Hawes-Butler deal and they have gathered about themselves in the Jefferson Club some strong people. In view of the fact that both Mr. Hawes and Col. Butler have declared their intention of cutting loose from one another when they gain their respective ends in the present alliance, the alliance cannot be so strong as has been suspected. To my thinking, the Brady-Barrett-Blong element grows stronger every day and when the Stuever "pull" is showed up in its bearing upon the brewery business, not even the police can prevent the anti-police board faction making a strong showing at the primaries. The brewery phase of the fight is the more interesting because the brewers are inclined to think Stuever, with his pull, might have prevented the enactment of the beer inspection law.

Local Democrats are split up over the respective claims of John A. Lee and E. A. Noonan upon the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Lee has a shade the better of the situation, because he has been making

SHE WAS TOO FAT.

Ada St. Clair, the actress, played leading-lady parts from 1890 to 1896, when she became so stout that she had to leave the stage. She tried many medical remedies and nostrums without avail. The more anti-fat remedies she swallowed the fatter she became, and in July, 1896, she weighed 205 pounds. One day she found a perfect cure, and in two months thereafter she appeared in a high-class young girl part, weighing just 128 pounds, and the reduction in flesh was without the least injury to her health or purse. What she did, how she did it, and what she used, and how the same treatment has cured many men and women since, Mrs. Lafarge will tell you, confidentially, in a letter, for the small fee of one dollar. There is no other charge hereafter. You can buy what she prescribes from your own druggist. The cure depends more on what you do and how you do it. No violent exercise, no starvation diet, or anything of that sort. You can follow instructions unknown to your friends, and during a month you will get rid of from one to two pounds of useless fat every day. If you think such a result worth One Dollar to you, send that amount (in a \$1 bill or stamps.) Address Mrs. Louise Lafarge, Station E. Duffy Building, New York. If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work she will send you your \$1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Lafarge and what she has done.

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VANITY FAIR.

an effective oratorical campaign, because he has the friendship of ex-Gov. Stone, and because he has a number of commercial travelers working for him all over the State. There are many Democrats who insist that Mr. Noonan must make the race again in the Eleventh Congressional District, against Mr. Charles F. Joy. Mr. Joy defeated Mr. Noonan in that district in the last election. It is agreed that the country Democrats will not support Mr. Noonan, because he is supposed to have been a saloon Mayor. The disposition is to make Mr. Noonan run again for Congress, and to give the St. Louis vote to Mr. Lee. In this connection it is perhaps in order to announce that the indications are that Mr. Robert H. Kern will be nominated again for Congress in the Twelfth District. He has made two unsuccessful races for election, and at least one for nomination. He will try again. There is, abstractly, a better chance for his election this

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time, because free silver is out of the way in the richest district in the State, but, on the other hand, the Republican nominee is an especially strong, clean business man, and that counts in a business district. There's not much hope of beating Richard Bartholdt, the Republican member from the Tenth District. The hullabaloo against him by the Irish and the pro-Boer anti-Imperial Germans may hurt him a little, but not enough to count.

The Republicans seem to be doing a good deal of talking about the Mayoralty nomination, though it be a year distant. The principal persons figured upon are Charles Nagel, William Zachritz, Circuit Judge; Leo Rassieur, the attorney. Mr. Nagel has the advantage. He is regarded as dubious only by the gang. They fear that he might be utterly unpartisan if elected, although Mr. Nagel has never gone back upon his party. Mr. Nagel is the man who can hold the votes of the Germans who are disgusted with the present city Administration. Judge Zachritz's candidacy is not taken seriously. It is thought that he is in the race for Mr. Ziegenhein. Judge Rassieur is a strong man in the running, because he is close to Ziegenhein and Zachritz, and at the same time possesses the intellectual and moral qualifications of Mr. Nagel. Judge Rassieur has a good official record to help him in his candidacy. There is talk of nominating Mr. C. H. Spencer, the ex-traction magnate. This talk is not well received. There is enough Traction influence in politics now. Any more would be too much. The people will not stand for Traction openly owning everything in town from the summer gardens to the City Hall and Exposition and the Fair Grounds. It seems that Mr. Nagel will be the man for the Republicans. He is just far enough out of practical politics, without abjuring party altogether, to be highly available as a reform candidate who will not hopelessly antagonize the old liners.

Will the Missouri Democrats dare to turn down Governor Stephens' claim to the honor of being delegate-at-large to the National Convention? The slate, as originally made up, had for "the big four" Messrs. Stone, Crisp, Wetmore and Salmon. For Mr. Stephens to get on the ticket, one of these must be induced to take a back seat. Two of them might withdraw to give place to Senators Cockrell and Vest, but it is not

believed that either Stone, Wetmore or Salmon would make room for Mr. Stephens. Still Stephens is an abler politician than his enemies have believed. He is getting instructions in many counties. And, besides, Mr. Dockery, though having a cinch on the gubernatorial nomination, is afraid of defeat at the polls at the hands of the silverites and the Stephensites. Mr. Dockery wants to make a place for Stephens in "the big four." Sam Cook doesn't want this. Governor Stone doesn't want it. But Stephens' appointees throughout the State are getting their work in on the conventions in the counties and "little Lonnie" may yet smash the slate, despite his unpopularity with the masses of the party. He may go to the convention with strength enough to force combinations with him.

Reference has been made above to the fact that Mr. Dockery is scared. He well may be. The radical element is opposed to Dockery. This includes the most ardent free silver men, the Populists, the single taxers, the municipal ownership men, the anti-imperialists who think Dockery is an imperialist at heart. There are many thousand such people in the State, and if they can all get together on the *Calumet Banner* plan of "voting a straight Democratic ticket by scratching everything from Governor down," the chances would be excellent for the election of Mr. Joseph Flory, who will, in all probability, be the Republican nominee.

Of all the looney newspaper stuff I've seen about politics, the worst is the story that Mr. Richard C. Kerens is against McKinley. Mr. Kerens is the intimate, long-time friend of the President and the business associate of the President's friends. Mr. Kerens could no more desert Mr. McKinley than Mr. Hanna could. And Mr. Kerens is not the man to desert anyone for a trifle, or for his personal ends. Mr. Kerens, besides, is not an idiot. Why should a Republican of Mr. Kerens' stamp desert McKinley now? Whither could he go? Whom could he support? What could he gain? He would simply be an Ishmael in the wilderness. Mr. Kerens is an Irishman and a pro-Boer sympathizer. To that extent he may agree with Webster Davis, but Mr. Kerens is a practical politician who could only make himself ridiculous by flocking by himself. To do such a thing would

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be to lose his grasp on this State. But the main point is that Mr. Kerens is not a man to join in a hue and cry against a man who has been good to him, as McKinley has been. I don't think Mr. Kerens is the best politician I ever knew, but he is a good square friend to the uttermost limit. If he was a quitter in friendship he might be expected to quit Webster Davis, whose Boerishness has undoubtedly embarrassed Mr. Kerens with the Administration, but Mr. Kerens does not quit Davis. Mr. Davis declares for the Boers, not to hurt Mr. McKinley, but to help himself in Kansas City, where he wants to ingratiate himself with the Irish and make them forget his A. P. Aism, when he runs for Congress. Also he may be sincere in his belief in the Boer cause and in our right and duty to intervene.

The Committeeman.

TO PRONOUNCE "GOETHE."

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Will you be kind enough to publish in the next issue of "The MIRROR" the correct pronunciation of "Goethe," and settle a dispute among several people? I hold that it is pronounced as if spelled "Guety," but the other parties interested think that perfectly absurd.

Thanking you in advance. I remain,
Very truly,

Bessie M. Coughlin.

St. Louis, April 4th, 1900.

[The proper pronunciation of "Goethe," according to the most intelligent Germans, and as near as one come to it in English, is "Gurty," with the "r" sound omitted, and the "y" sound very short.]

Rich cut glass in original exclusive cuttings, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

APPROVES MR. HALL.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Happening to see your criticism of Bolton Hall's book, entitled "Things As They Are," I must take strong exception to it. Does any editor alive, or any one else, know what the public at large understands by Socialistic or Anarchistic? Nowadays if a man thinks and observes and gives the result of his mental processes to the public, he is straightway invested with a cult or party, and a label of some sort is duly attached. If editors would discourage this mania they would greatly help to a simpler and broader view of the situation. Mr. Hall's book is a scathing arraignment of our social and economic system for the purpose of emphasizing the crying need of man for love as the dominating force of the world. The presentment is not overdrawn, and it is made plain that the remedy is within our grasp if we choose to reach for it.

Very truly yours,

H. A. Mitchell.

506 E. 81st street,
New York, April 12th 1900

DAILY DOUBLE TRAIN SERVICE
TO PORTLAND.

Commencing April 22, Union Pacific Railroad Company will run two daily trains from Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City to Portland, Oregon. These trains will be equipped with Buffet, Smoking, Library and Dining Cars; Standard Sleepers, Ordinary Sleepers or Tourist Cars. Time from St. Louis to Portland via Omaha 68 hours, from Chicago 69 hours, from Omaha 55 hours, from Kansas City 68 hours. For particulars address E. L. Lomax, G. P. A., Omaha, or J. F. Aglar, Gen'l Agt., 903 Century Building, St. Louis.

Wedding Silverware—Mermod & Jacard's.

MUSIC.

THE CASTLE SQUARE TANNHAUSER

It is amazing, this noisy display of enthusiasm over the Wagner operas at Music Hall these days. Damrosch never was so thunderously applauded as was Morreale, after the famous overture Monday night. "Siegfried" with Jean de Reszke did not draw so many people as were at the opening night of the Castle Square performance of "Tannhauser." Apparently the taste of the public has changed, or is the lightened, brightened, Englished Wagner more to the taste of the many than Wagner as he was written? For it is not Wagner as he was written that we are hearing, but Wagner as Mr. Savage thinks the people want him. The performance this week may be best described as "entertaining." There is nothing great about it, nothing that will stick in the memory, but it is an all around good performance to look at and listen to. The discordant note Monday night was the reckless yelling of the male chorus, especially the tenors, who, in addition to shunning the pitch, sang with abominable tone-quality. This was more apparent in the choruses for male voices alone, and the great "Hail bright abode," in the second act, was sung with fine effect by the mixed chorus. Of the principals, the honors of the evening, to my mind, belong to Hinshaw, who sang the role of Wolfram exceedingly well. If the huge baritone only handled his legs as he does his voice what an imposing figure in opera he would be! He walks badly, but when he sings one forgets that queer knee-action of his in the enjoyment of the purity and perfection of his vocal art. His tone emission is the easiest and most natural imaginable—there is never a suspicion of effort even in the extreme upper tones of his mellow voice, and especially in the noble measures which fall to Wolfram was the breadth and dignity of his phrasing apparent. The first act, his work in the tournament of song, and the "Evening Star" were alike fine examples of the *bel Canto*, and raise this product of the Castle Square's operatic incubator still a notch higher in the estimation of the public.

Miss de Treville never looked better than in her sumptuous *Elizabeth* robe, and she is too much of an artist to do other than sing well, but, as I said before, her voice and Richard Wagner's music are not in accord one with the other. All the best qualities of her voice, and much of the art of her singing, is submerged by the character of this music, and when she makes an effort to dominate in a concerted number her tone carries with it an uncomfortable feeling of straining. The memory of her *Marguerite*, *Mignon*, and other unique and almost unrivalled impersonations, is still too fresh to make acceptable her *Elsa* or *Elizabeth*, if her work in these roles is to be judged from the same high standard to which previous achievement raised the dainty soprano. Berthald was inoffensive as *Tannhauser* and Norwood looked *Venus*—every inch of her. Honorable mention is also merited by Miss Niven, W. H. Clarke, Rhys Thomas and E. N. Knight.

Tuesday, Mme. Kronold and Delamotta appeared with effect in the principal roles.

THE APOLLO CONCERT.

Surely the charge of musical frothiness so often made against the Apollo Club must be withdrawn after a glance at the sub-

stantial numbers which formed the programme for the closing concert of the sixth season. There was a spirited "chorus of smiths" from Wagner's "Rienzi," with Robyn at the piano and H. N. Poepping wielding the baton, a beautiful chorus by MacDowell, a great, dignified, elaborate composition by Dudley Buck for male chorus, with cornet, piano and organ accessories, and, for the closing number, an effective serenade, by Armstrong, was sung.

The club sang splendidly. Carping criticism will bring to light flaws in any performance, but the work of the Apollo boys showed such thorough preparation and earnest, conscientious effort that they are entitled to unstinted praise. The MacDowell number, which takes the first tenors up to incredible vocal heights, was most cleverly handled, and the frequent employment of falsetto on the upper tones in piano passages was not only allowable but agreeable. The composer evidently thought little of the limitations of the human voice when he wrote "From the Sea," and high C and even a half tone above that fall to the lot of the first tenors in this composition.

The "Bugle Song," also tested the vocal resources of the club, and showed fine phrasing, shading and precision. Mr. Kunkel officiated at the piano, and Mr. Kroeger supplied the organ accompaniment. These ever reliable musicians gave valuable assistance, and not even the "Professor" prefixed to their names on the programme marred their work. The cornets behaved very well, being only a little obtrusive at times.

The Club has every reason to felicitate itself on its work, and one of the prettiest audiences ever gathered together in St. Louis gave it the heartiest approval. Whatever mistakes may have been made in the selection of soloists there can be no question as to the endeavor to provide for the enjoyment of its subscribers the very best available talent. Money seems no object to the Apollo Club, when the list of high priced soloists who have appeared at these concerts is considered, and this brings me to the thousand dollar soprano, heard Tuesday evening.

One thousand dollars in cold cash was paid Mme. Nevada, in consideration of which she appeared three times on the programme, and threw in the use of a piano and a fresh young man who played her accompaniment. Mme. Nevada's, however, is not a thousand dollar voice. It sounds more like thirty cents, and her singing too, is of the ten, twenty and thirty order, to say nothing of some of her "selections" which included the Shadow Song from "Dinorah" and the Mocking—sometimes called the shocking—Bird. The voice is thin not to say raspy, and in manipulating it, the little soprano resorts to many "tricks and manners." The tricks, however, are old and not executed with especial dexterity. The best is her use of the *staccato*, but this was dragged into every number, until constant repetition made it irritating, and that thread-like *smorzando*, drawn out to an absurd length, was also dreadfully overworked. Her scale is not clean and the everlasting trill is a palpable fake.

The only time she approached legitimate singing was in the Tschakowsky number, and even this she spoiled by cheap trickery. In her palmy days—for surely Mme. Nevada must have had better days—I suppose the "Mocking bird" was in vogue, but at this concert, aside from its worthlessness, it sounded pathetically out of place. Mme.

Nevada scorned Mr. Robyn's artistic accompaniments and the full-toned Estey Grand piano used by the club and brought her own paraphernalia, probably for good reasons of her own. In engaging this prima donna, the Apollo Club took a white elephant off the hands of the Odeon Management, but certainly bought a gold brick.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY'S SEASON.

The close of the Choral-Symphony's season, of which I shall have more to say later was marked by the unfortunate temporary condition of the voice of the chief soloist. There were several such failures during the season, as for example the poor showing made by Frank King Clark, whose good work in the "Messiah" last year is well remembered, and Maconda's failure, in spite of the glowing accounts of her Oratorio work in the East. On the other hand there have been some pleasant surprises in artists who came comparatively unknown, particularly Elsa Ruegger who was engaged solely on her manager's word and who made the most lasting impression of any artist visiting St. Louis this year. Leonora Jackson also taken on faith, scored a great success, and Sherwood, who played badly when heard here sometime ago, entirely retrieved his lost reputation by his recent performance with the society. The season just closed has been a success from a business point of view and, notwithstanding the Odeon troubles, the receipts from the sale of tickets has been more than twice as large as during the previous season.

The plans announced last spring for the season were carried out entirely so far as the general scheme was concerned, and in nearly every detail. The first announcement was characterized by a classification of the concerts into three symphony, three popular, two oratorio and two artist concerts—an entirely new departure in the management of the Society. The chorus was entirely re-organized and, for the first time in its history, occupied such a plane in the estimation of the public, as induced a large number of the leading church choir singers to become members. At one time the chorus numbered 250 active members, with a waiting-list of 90. The orchestra also, to a small extent, was re-organized. A most important addition was Miss Lowe, the harpist, whose very creditable work has occasioned wide-spread, general comment.

At the very beginning Mr. Moore took a strong stand in favor of resident artists and, as a consequence, Mr. A. G. Robyn made his first appearance with the Society, December the 14th, and achieved the greatest success he has ever made in St. Louis. Miss Lulu Kunkel appeared January 11th after a long wrangling, first as to whether she should appear or not and then as to what she should play, and scored what was little short of a triumph with a concerto by Saint Saens. Other local artists who appeared at the Society concerts were: Miss Jessie Ringen, Chas. Humphrey and Arthur Rhodes. Two resident importations Harry J. Fellows and Miss Adah Mabel Bryant also appeared at one of these concerts, Mr. Fellows, unfortunately, doing himself an injustice on account of a serious illness.

The work of the Orchestra and the Chorus during the past season has been better than ever before and with managerial tact should be still better next year. There are conflicting statements as to Mr. Moore's retention as manager for the next year. He is a member of the Board of Managers, but some say he is shorn of his power. Mr.

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Moore is cheerful, unlike a man who has been "let out." But we shall know all about it, later.

A. C. W.

GRAND EUCHRE PARTY.

A largely attended meeting of the leading members of Saint Leo's parish was held recently at the hall, corner of Twenty-third and Mullanphy streets, the Rev. Father Harty presiding, and Mr. William Glynn acting as secretary. The object of the meeting was to devise ways and means for the consecration of the church at as early a date as possible. It was decided to hold a street fair and carnival on Mullanphy street, from 23d to 25th street, from June 18 to 22 inclusive; also a grand euchre party, to be held at Armory Hall, May 16, at 8 p. m. At this tournament the first prize will be a grand Singer Upright piano. This splendid prize can be seen at 916 Olive street. Besides this, there will be one hundred other prizes. Tickets of admission will be 50 cents each. Mr. Thomas Ward is president, and Mr. John J. O'Brien, secretary, of the euchre.

For the after Easter weddings, Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, are showing the most beautiful designs in sterling silver table ware ever seen here.

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CHURCH TROUBLE.

Readers of the daily papers have been much amused by accounts of trouble in Mount Calvary Church, in which the Pastor is most militantly inclined against certain of his congregation. The presence of police at a vestry meeting is pure farce, and the explanation of their presence is even more farcical. The story of Pastor Fauntleroy's trouble is interesting. Ever since the cyclone blew the old church down, the congregation have been setting aside a certain sum regularly to rebuild, but the Pastor, P. W. Fauntleroy, claims the amount given him to defray current expenses is too small, so he has been using part of the building fund. This was the cause of a split among the members, creating two factions, one headed by the pastor, the other by C. H. Albers. Mr. Albers raised an amount of money that was enough or nearly enough to rebuild the old church, but would not give the amount himself on account of his being at outs with the pastor, so he selected ten of his friends, and had them go to the church and vote the amounts he told them to vote. They did so and they also voted against the pastor. This caused the pastor to challenge the ten voters saying they were not members of the church and had no right to interfere with its affairs. Finally he had their votes thrown out. This caused a demonstration, and the pastor telephoned for the police. The most highly farcical feature of the affair is that the ten men who were voting out the pastor are non-Episcopalians, who entered into the scheme for the fun of the thing. They are P. Gilmar-tin, P. J. McMorrow, L. B. Brinson, John Thyson, W. A. Cockrell, J. R. Lewis, W. A. Rooks, Gil. Sears, J. R. Cutcliffe and Tom Leahy.

The invitations and reception cards are important features of the wedding. They must be strictly correct as to forms of word-ing, also in shape and tint, and the material and engraving must be of the very best. They will be correct in every detail, if ordered at Mermod & Jaccard's, society stationers, Broadway and Locust.

Ill-timed departure: *The one*—"Yes, sir, he died owing nobody." *The other*—"What an unfortunate time to expire."—*Indianapolis Press.*

AT THE PLAY.

FARCE HOLDS SWAY.

"Because She Loved Him So," the farce-comedy at the Olympic this week, is a good and wholesome play. There was a large audience to witness the initial production Monday evening. As an adaptation from the French, it is certainly a great improvement on its predecessors seen here this season. There is an air of robust home-life and purity about it that is refreshing. The principal fault, I think, is that the moral protrudes too much; you can imagine it rearing its head before half of the first act is over. Too obvious morals in theatrical productions have a dulling and tiring effect.

The substance of the play is fairly interesting. Unfounded and ridiculous jealousy on the part of a young wife leads to a quarrel, threats of divorce, accusations of infidelity, and a pilgrimage to the parental home of the wife. The parents had been informed of the status of affairs before the arrival of the young people, and, in order to restore harmony, resort to a strategical plot, which the mother has taken from a book she read. The old people are violently quarrel-ing, and the air is thick with invectives and wrath, when daughter and son-in-law arrive. The young wife finds the quiet, peaceful home broken up, and is greatly grieved and distracted. Father and mother appear to be implacable, are bandying intimations of divorce, and a great scandal seems certain. Everything, however, ends in the right way; the vexing knots are all untied satisfactorily; the young people receive a needed and appropriate lesson, an anti-toxin, you might say, and reconciliation follows. The tumultuous brother of the young wife has also some funny and exciting experiences with his fiancée and her father, because the latter will not permit his daughter to marry into a "fussy" family.

The play is dragging at times, and it would, no doubt, improve with condensation.

The role of the irascible and nervous Mr. Wetherby, the father, is well portrayed by Mr. J. E. Dodson. Sometimes he is over-doing his part, but this is more than made up for by his ability to change from anger to pathos, and from pathos to *bonhomie*, with equal facility. Mr. Ralph Dean, as his son, is very amusing. His tragical despair at the upheavals in the family is irresistible, despite some traits of exaggeration.

Lenora Brahm is charming and graceful as the Spanish tenant. She displays great skill, artistic efficiency and mastery of technique that deserve special commendation.

The role of Gertrude, the suspecting young wife, is well given by Miss Annie Irish. The way in which she approaches the innocent husband, sniffing the air and looking for the tell-tale blonde hairs on his coat, is inimitable and exceedingly humorous.

Mr. Francis Carlyle, as the suffering husband, is very clever. His manner of acting is quiet, natural and, methinks, the most effective.

Another vaudeville farce, "The Belle of New York," is entertaining patrons of the Century Theatre this week. Although the play has been seen here before, it seems to be still popular. Some novel features have been added, which enhance its piquancy and seem to satisfy all shades of taste. There is a good deal of the spectacular about the production, commingled with several sensible and tuneful songs.

Miss Tobey Claude, as *Fifi*, displays inimitable grace of acting. There is a charming and refined daintiness about her petite person which will makes her a favorite whenever she may appear. Her coquetry and winsomeness are simply irresistible. She puts a good deal of pantomime and artistic feeling into her role and her dancing.

La Belle Dazie, the *danseuse*, makes a great hit in the second and last act. Her cake-walk imitations are excellent and graceful. During the dance, Sunday evening, she charmed the audience with a silvery, girlish, giddy laugh, that came entirely unexpected and was most fascinating. The suppleness and sinuous movements of her youthful body are marvelous.

Mr. W. P. Carleton gives a fine rendition of Rudyard Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar." Even sympathizers with the Boers cannot refrain from bestowing unstinted applause on this young and talented actor. Miss Jessie Carlisle is a clever and promising substitute for Miss Adele Ritchie, who was unable to appear Sunday evening, owing to an indisposition.

There is some horse-play and childish burlesque in the production, which could be left out entirely, as it mars an otherwise harmonious *ensemble*. It is not easily understood why the part of the lunatic should be retained; it is so absolutely incongruous and imbecile that it fails to provoke laughter.

F. A. H.

The exquisite effects of diamonds and colored gems worked into butterflies, lizards and bugs of various kinds, is most beautiful, and we invite inspection of our latest creations. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

THE ARCHITECTURAL CLUB.

A most interesting exhibition is that at the Museum of Fine Arts, which will be open until the 22d inst. The display of drawings is interesting and varied, showing how the architects of the country, for the very best in the land are represented, are working for the beautiful in buildings. The ground plans may be confusing to the uninitiated, but the front elevations are impressive. Especially fine is the effect one gathers of the general tendency to make beauty blend with utility in commercial buildings. The plans for the new Washington University are interesting for their fine, almost poetic scope, while the designs for the University of California are of stupendous sweep, showing how such an exact science as architecture rises at times to creative realization. There are designs of buildings from England and France.

The catalogue of the exhibition, edited by Mr. S. L. Sherer, and printed by the Shall-cross Press, St. Louis, is a beautiful specimen of book-making, which should be treasured by St. Louisans and sent abroad in the land as a splendid advertisement of the aesthetic side of St. Louis.

When Dr. L. Clark Seelye became president of Smith College he was naturally impressed with the responsibility and, possibly, with the difficulty of his new task. As everybody knows, he is a man of perfect piety and fine reserve of speech. But one night, in the early weeks of his presidency, he tossed uneasily on his pillow, and his wife heard him murmur in his sleep. "Good God! Seven hundred girls!"

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Within her ears;
And on her silken gown, some rare old lace
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They hang a fortune on her throbbing breast,
An old bequest;
And on her feet are slippers worn before,
In days of yore;
About her arms, the glistening bracelets show,
Of long ago;
Beneath a coronet, so old and rare,
They bind her hair.
And under all this record of past days,
There softly plays
A girlish heart, that truly yearns to be
Forever free;
And Love is there and beams within her eyes,
And fervent cries:
"Ah, heart! our time will surely come at last,
When this is past;
The world looks only at the gems you wear;
Ah, heart! Take care!"

—Montrose J. Moses, in *Life*.

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The principal feature of stock market affairs in the past week has been the tremendous selling of steel stocks, with resultant declines of from 7 to 12 points. When the break commenced, there was considerable guessing as to the why; stocks dropped without interruption and were "fed out" in large amounts. Support seemed to be entirely lacking, and it was not until the liquidation had about culminated, for the time being at least, that the truth leaked out. The officials of the American Steel & Wire Co. admitted that consumptive demand in the iron and steel industry was falling off, and that supplies were increasing rapidly. This, they state, made the closing of several of their plants unavoidable and necessitated the discharge of several thousand employees. Holders of the securities were alarmed at the unexpected turn in affairs and threw their holdings overboard, almost regardless of prices, at times practically demoralizing the market.

There is a strong suspicion that the shutting-down of plants by the American S. & W. Co., is only part of a great stock-jobbing scheme, and that the "insiders" are trying to depress the value of the shares, so that they may be able to acquire large holdings at cheap prices. There is undoubtedly ground for suspecting something of this kind. The crowd connected with this company is unscrupulous and devoid of conscience. It is well-known for its manipulation of stocks and is composed of prominent financiers and politicians. The clique, headed by Mr. Jno. W. Gates, the President, has made millions of money and been rigging the market in the most approved and scientific style. It is said, for instance, that when it was proposed, in the fall of 1899, to declare a dividend on the common stock, the Gates or Western contingent of "insiders" representing a majority of stockholders, downed the proposition, because the New York faction held too much of the stock. Dividends are only declared, it seems, when the Chicago crowd is loaded up with the stock and trying to liquidate at good profits.

As a result of the demoralization prevailing in the steel market, the railroad list dropped from 1 to 3 points, but seemed to meet with support. The weakest features were St. Paul, Burlington, Rock Island and New York Central, in all of which there was heavy selling, for both long and short account. The impression is strong that high-priced stocks will go lower, because investors consider them high enough at present quotations, and will not take them off the hands of the manipulating cliques. There is more disposition to buy medium-priced shares at any good decline, because they hold out prospects of becoming dividend-payers or of increasing distributions to shareholders within the next twelve months. This accounts for the persistent strength of stocks like Missouri Pacific, Norfolk & Western and Union Pacific, which display a remarkable rallying power.

Missouri Pacific rose to 61½, but has since reacted to about 58 again. It seems that the rise in the stock is over, temporarily, and that the pool is unloading at every little advance. Expert opinion is that the highest price has not yet been seen, and that the shares will be on the dividend-paying list before this year is over. Uncle Sage is especially sanguine and optimistic in reference to Missouri Pacific, and predicts all sorts of high prices, and 5 and 6

per cent. dividends. His words must not be taken literally, however. The wily old financier does not take the speculative public into his confidence for nothing; he probably has an axe to grind. Missouri Pacific is, of course, a very promising and well-managed property, but this should not cause anybody to lose his common sense. The stock cannot go up every day; it is bound to come down, and, if it does, another opportunity will be presented to pick up a bargain.

Liquidation is manifesting itself in Atchison issues, both preferred and common. Prices have dropped from 3 to 4 points; bears predict that the preferred will sell at 65, and the common at 23. If these predictions should materialize, there will be large and excellent buying for investment and speculative purposes. The shares are meritorious and have not as yet seen their highest prices. The British are particularly enthusiastic about them, and have been buying them in big blocks in the last two months. It is generally admitted that the dividend on the preferred will be increased to either 2 or 2½ per cent. in June. If the stock should be placed on a 5 per cent. dividend basis, it can not be kept long below 60. As a 5 per cent stock, it will yield the investor more than 6 per cent. at 80, compared with about 4 per cent. returned to holders of St. Paul common at current quotations.

The London *Statist* takes a most cheerful view of the future of American railway securities. A few weeks ago, Mr. T. Lloyd, the editor, made the following remarks: "American railways are unquestionably of greater value to-day than they have ever been, and as time goes on, and the country grows further in population and in wealth, their value must be further enhanced. Doubtless the United States will, from time to time, experience bad crops and depressed trade; but disasters, such as those of 1893 and 1894, by reason of silver legislation in 1890, and of 1896, in consequence of the Bryan agitation, which shook credit to its foundations and paralyzed trade, rarely occur in the life of a nation. The value of the railroads cannot be gauged by their earnings and profits during such a period; it must be calculated and based upon earnings and profits of normal, not of abnormal, times, by the average prosperity of the country rather than by periods of exceptional depression or activity. The natural resources of the country are incomparable. Moreover, the country is rapidly becoming a great manufacturer. The business of the railroads must improve in proportion to the nation's growth of population, of wealth, of manufactures, of agriculture, and of mining. As the management of American railroads has wonderfully improved, and the policy of the companies become much more enlightened than hitherto, good grounds exist for anticipating that the railroads will enjoy much larger profits and dividends in the future than they have in the past."

The late rumors of a consolidation of southwestern railroads, and of Standard Oil buying for control are much exaggerated. The story, for instance, that the Standard Oil people are trying to obtain control of the Missouri Pacific, is emphatically denied by well-informed people. It may be taken for granted that the Goulds will never relinquish control of this most important property, which appears to have a brighter future than any other railway company in the Southwest. When a bull movement is about to culminate, the cliques are sending out all kinds of silly stories, containing

hints at important deals, consolidations, traffic alliances refunding schemes, retirement of a certain class of stock, and other ingenious fables that the Wall Street fraternity concocts in its fertile brain to catch the unwary and inexperienced.

The position of the New York banks is steadily improving. Reserves are now above the \$10,000,000 mark, and further gains are confidently expected. Money is easy and promises to continue so for some time to come. There is alarm at the continued strength in sterling exchange rates. Some bankers are seriously considering the

possibility of gold exports to Europe before long. About \$500,000, gold was sent to Argentine, a few days ago, from New York for British account. The Bank of England cannot afford to lose any of its holdings of the yellow metal and pays for its obligations in South America with New York funds.

The bears are now preparing to make a vigorous onslaught on Sugar, Tobacco and Peoples Gas shares. Sugar certificates will, it is said, sell at much lower prices in the next week or two. Some are predicting 75 for it and a cessation of dividend-payments. American Tobacco, Continental Tobacco and



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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	113 -115
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	113 -115
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	103 -104
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1912	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St'r'g. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about.....\$18,856,277
 Assessment.....\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100	-101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	106	-108
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100	-102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102	-105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102	-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	103	-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104	-105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105	-106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	93 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg	1923	98 -100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 -110
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	114 -115
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	111 -113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	95 -95 1/2
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	95 -95 1/2
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1914	99 1/2 -100
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1910	99 -99 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1912	89 -92
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Stock Yards 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -86

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$350	Dec., '99, 8 SA	201 -204
Boatmen's	100	Dec., '99, 8 1/2 SA	187 -192
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec., '99, 8 1/2 SA	172 -173
Fourth National	100	Nov., '99, 5 p. c. SA	156 -159
Franklin	100	Dec., '99, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	290 -295
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	760 -800
International	100	Apr. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	127 -130
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100 -110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 5 SA	200 -203
Mechanics	100	Apr. 1900, 2 qy	160 -161
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	135 -135 1/2
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	257 -259
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Nov., '99, 8 SA	115 -125
South Side	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	136 -139
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Jan. 1900, 3	90 -100
Southern com.	100	Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	164 -166
State National	100	Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	150 -152
Third National	100	Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	150 -152

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec., '99, S.A.	154 -155
Miss. Va.	100	Apr., '00, 2 1/2 qy	295 -298
St. Louis	100	Apr., '00, 1 1/2 qy	202 -202
Union	100	Nov., '99, 1 1/2	205 -215
Mercantile	100		252 -253

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Browns Bro.		100 -103
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 101 -103
10-20s 5s	Oct. '93 4	100 -100
Citizens	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
20s 6s	Dec., '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 117 -119
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -119
do Taylor Ave. 6s		
Maryland Trust		
Mo Laclede Ave. 7s	July	1900 100 -103
do 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -107
People's	Dec., '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 100 -100
do 2d Mtg 7s	M. & N.	1902 100 -100
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 -100
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 130 -150
St. Louis	Jan 07 22 SA	130 -150
do 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		66 -67
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 104 1/2 -105
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 113 1/2 -114
do Incomes 5s		1914 80 -85
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 107 -111
do 2d 25s 6s		1914 110 -115
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
United Ry's Pfd.	When Iss'd	71 1/2 -72
" " Com.		24 1/2 -25
" " 4 p. c. 50s		86 -86 1/2

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	20	Jan. 1 00 4 SA	43 -44

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		12 -14
" Pfd.	100	Mar. 1900 1 1/2 qy	56 -57
Am. Car-Pdry Co	100		14 -15
" Pfd	100	Apr. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	64 -65
Bell Telephone	100	Apr 1900 2 qy	141 -144
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96	4 -6
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	125 -138
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	10	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	130 -140
Granite Bl-Metal	100		247 -252
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Apr. 1900, 1 qy	92 -100
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '89, 1	45 -55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/2	101 -104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar., '00, 2 SA	70 -73
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec., '99 SA	88 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		53 1/2 -55
Mo. Edison com.	100		19 -20
Mo. Stock Yards	100	Apr., '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	Apr., '00, qy 1 1/2	80 -90
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	232 -240
Simmons do pfd.	100	Feb. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	135 -141
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Mar., '99 1 1/2 qy	14 1/2 -15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p. c	67 -68
St. L. Brew. Com.	10	Jan., '99 3 p. c	63 -64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 -34
St. L. Exposit'n.	100	Dec., '96, 2	64 -69
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Apr. 1900, 1 qy	110 -115
Union Dairy	100	Feb., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr., '00, qy	230 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Apr. 1900, 7 1/2	192 -194

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Peoples Gas issues have a top-heavy appearance and are undoubtedly an excellent sale at every advance. The distrust regarding industrial stocks continues and has been intensified by late events. There is no power in Wall Street that can stem the rapidly rising tide of liquidation.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been a good deal of activity in St. Louis Street railway securities in the past week, especially in United Railways preferred and St. Louis Transit common shares, both of which issues scored a moderate improvement. On the 19th of this month, distribution will be made to certificate holders. St. Louis Transit can now be bought at about 25 1/2; United Railway preferred at 72 1/2; and the 4 per cent bonds at 87.

There has been little doing in bank and trust company shares; prices show little or no change. Offerings are readily absorbed and the tendency seems to be upward. Third National is offered at 152; National Bank of Commerce at 258 and Continental National at 172.

St. Louis Trust Co. stock is 200 bid and Lincoln 154.75 bid; 205 is asked for Union Trust Co., stock.

There has been more activity in mining shares, but quotations show little improvement. Granite is 2.40 bid; Columbia Lead 13.50 bid. St. Joe Lead can be bought at 15. St. Louis bank clearances showed a moderate increase last week. The local banks are well supplied with funds. Foreign exchange is a trifle higher.

Art Statuary—Mermod & Jaccard's.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Merchant of Venice at Hopkins', the first Shakespearean revival of the present Hopkins season, has drawn big houses, and Mr. Lawrence Hanley, Miss Victory Bateman, and Mr. Maurice Freeman, have each won individual distinction. The week's vaudeville headed by Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, has seldom been excelled. But two weeks more of the Hopkins season remains, and after the performance on Saturday night, May 5th, the house will close with a long and prosperous record. Next week Manager Gumpertz will have a special offering in Minnie Maddern Fiske's great success of several years ago "Caprice." It is nearly a dozen years since the play was seen here. Its dainty story, well written, and strongly told, is one that appeals directly to everyone. Miss Victory Bateman plays the leading part among the woman, being cast as Mercy Baxter, Mrs. Fiske's old part. Mr. Maurice Freeman will play Jack Henderson, and the company will be strongly cast. The week's vaudeville is especially strong and includes among other acts Lillian Leslie, the singer, Lavender and Thomson, comedy sketch artists, the Cochran children, mental wonders, and Parvita with new pictures. After "Caprice" will come an elaborate revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the greatest success in the history of the Imperial several stock companies. Several benefits for popular attaches and members of the Hopkins forces are announced. On Monday night, April 23d, Treasurer Willie Schaefer will have his benefit. On Friday afternoon and night, April 27, Miss Nadine Winstan and Mr. Maurice Freeman have their testimonial. On Monday, April 30, the "villain" Arthur Mackley, will be "benefitted," and on the next afternoon and night, May 1, Manager Gumpertz will have his benefit. At each of the testimonials there will be special vaudeville features.

Julia Marlowe, in "Barbara Frietchie," the combination of player and play which has been the success of the season in New York will be transferred to the Olympic Theater, on Monday evening for a week, with Saturday matinee. Frohman's original supporting company will be seen here, and the scenery and accessories will be the same as in the long run at the Criterion Theater. The "Barbara Frietchie," evolved by Clyde Fitch for Miss Marlowe is not altogether the heroine of Whittier's famous poem, for she is young and beautiful, and it is only in the last act that the poet's lines are realized to some extent, when Barbara waves a time-stained, tattered flag in the face of "Stonewall" Jackson. The author has invented a story for the flag as well as for Barbara, for the emblem in question is said to have been given to the Frietchie by no less a personage than Thomas Jefferson. The play is a very beautiful one in every respect in which a play may be considered. J. H. Gilmore is

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David W. Caruth,	S. E. Hoffman,	Chas. H. Turner,
Charles Clark,	Breckinridge Jones,	J. C. Van Blarcom,
Harrison I. Drummond,	Sam. M. Kennard,	Julius S. Walsh,
Auguste B. Ewing,	Wm. F. Nolker,	Rolla Wells,
David R. Francis,	Wm. D. Orthwein,	Eugene F. Williams.

Miss Marlowe's leading man this season, and other members of the company are Annie Clarke, Alice Leigh, Arnold Daly, Dodson Mitchell, Norah Lamison, Mary Blyth, Algernon Tassin and Donald MacLaren.

Mr. Guy Lindsley and his pupils will appear at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, Wednesday evening, April 25th in a programme of exceptional interest. That powerful, emotional drama "The Two Orphans," rendered famous in this country by Kate Claxton will be presented. The costuming will be elaborate and there will be the same careful attention to detail, that characterizes all the performances by the Lindsley School. The evening will conclude with the brilliant one act comedy, "Aroused at Last." The cast of the "Two Orphans" will be as follows:—

Comte de Liniere, Minister of Police, Mr. Howard H. Schultz; Marquis de Presles, Mr. Richard W. Forrester; Armand, Chevalier de Vaudray, Mr. Guy Lindsley; Jacques, Mr. Arthur J. Price; Pierre, his brother, Mr. Martin R. Sweeney; The Doctor, Mr. Richard W. Forrester; Martin, Mr. Evans S. Arthur; LaFleur, Mr. Wilbur Royce; Marais, Mr. Whitman S. Perkins; Comtesse de Liniere, Miss Margaret L. Sandusky; Louise, Henriette, The Two Orphans, Miss Alice Collisson, Miss Marie Miller; La Frochard, Mother of Jacques and Pierre, Miss Lavinia Thomas; Marianne, Miss Retta Holland; Sister Genevieve, Miss Florence Daues; Florette, Miss Margaret Shannon; Julie, Cora, Adela, Etc., by others of the Lindsley School.

"Aroused at Last."—Mr. Pondicherry, a successful business man, Mr. Howard H. Schultz; Pamela Pondicherry, his wife, Miss Margaret Shannon; Mr. Vivian Vandernoodle, a young, old Knickerbocker, Mr. Richard W. Forrester; Virginia Vandernoodle, his bride, Miss Retta Holland; Miss Hettabel Wiggins, a spinster from Toadfish Point, Miss Alice Collisson; Mr. Jackson Wiggins, her brother, Mr. Arthur J. Price; Celeste, a French Maid, Miss Lavinia Thomas; A Dog, Beauty. Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros' Music Store 11th and Olive Streets.

For home decoration the Russian hammered brass candlesticks, lamps, and jardinières are most striking and rich looking. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, are exhibiting some beautiful specimens of this new decorative ware.

FOR TRINITY COLLEGE.

The entertainment to be given at the Odeon next Saturday evening, 21st inst., is to be one of more than ordinary interest. The entertainer in chief will be Mrs. Henry J. Gielow, of Alabama, in plantation songs and monologues. She comes to St. Louis under the management of Major Pond, a fact that speaks for decided ability. That Mrs. Gielow is no mere novice in the field of entertainment, is also attested by the warm notes of approval from prominent persons and newspapers in England and this country. In London she appeared under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Northcote, Mrs. Choate, Hon. Mrs. Jos. Chamberlain, H. R. H. Princess Christian, the Duchess of Connaught, Lady Henry Somerset, etc., at whose mansions she gave, to brilliant and fashionable audiences, her negro and New England delineations and received cordial endorsement

therefor, from distinguished personages and the press.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Gielow will be assisted by Miss Lulu Kunkel in violin solos, Miss Jeannette MacClanahan in songs, Mr. Howard Benoist, the flautist, and Mr. Alfred G. Robyn, the pianist.

The entertainment is given for the benefit of the fund for establishing a St. Louis women's scholarship fund for Trinity College, Washington, D. C. As most readers of the MIRROR are aware, this college is to be to the Catholic women of America what Vassar, Smith, Bryn Mawr, etc., are to women of other religious denominations. It is a well-considered plan of giving to church-women the higher education that has hitherto been the specialty of these non-sectarian institutions. The Sisters of Notre Dame, of Namur, (founded in 1804) are to be in charge, and the College will, it is expected, be open to receive pupils in October next. The Odeon entertainment, it is hoped, will be the means of raising enough money to complete the fund of \$5,000, which is required for the foundation of a St. Louis scholarship. That it will do so is a foregone conclusion and also that the affair will be one of the most delightful of the season.

Among the society people who have taken boxes are the following: Mesdames Lindsay, D. R. Francis, Chas. Bates, Jos. Hayes, Daniel Catlin, Henry S. Potter, G. Niedringhaus, John D. Davis, Theophile Papin, I. H. Lionberger, Armand Peugnet, D. D. Johnson, Francis Drew, Edward Walsh, Scanlan, Howard Benoist, Julius Walsh, J. O'F. Delaney, J. L. Boland, J. P. Bryson, J. L. D. Morrison, D. D. Walker, J. K. Cummings, Ashley D. Scott, W. H. Lee, George Doan, Huntington Smith, Chas. Cabanne, Walthew, Cobb, Mallinckrodt, Henry Turner, Walter Gordon, Chas. Clarke, Judge Boyle, Walter Taylor, Conde Pallen, J. D. Davis, Chas. McClure, John Thomas, Thornburgh, John O'Fallon, Paschall, Van Blarcom, Misses Maffitt, Berthold, Boyce.

Miss Lindsay, who has been appointed Vice-regent of Trinity College for St. Louis, is making earnest efforts to prove the wisdom of her choice to the position. She has so far met with very cordial co-operation on the part of ladies interested in this worthy object.

Mrs. Gielow is receiving much attention from society ladies during her sojourn in this city. On Saturday Mrs. Chas. Tracey gives a large tea in her honor.

A number of supper parties for the Gielow-entertainment night are being arranged.

The newest idea in pulley belt buckles is a detachable one for which no sewing is required. They come in very beautiful patterns in fine silver plate, gray or gold finish, and are surprisingly low in price at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, from 50c to \$6.

THE DOG SHOW.

All St. Louis is dog gone, this week. The dog show is the greatest society craze that has struck this community for some years. There never were so many swell exhibitors. There never was displayed such a variety of canines of the better type. The arrangements are as nearly perfect as the skill of the Kennel Club's management could make them. The West End Coliseum, 32nd and Olive Street, is the scene of the dog show.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

FASHIONABLE PARASOLS.

The evolution of the parasol from something designed especially for use to a gorgeous gewgaw, all frills and fluff, illustrates once again the growing tendency toward extravagance in fashion. Each season the parasol has been characterized by an increasing amount of ornamentation of varying kinds, and still the fashion-makers are bent on producing an article that will transcend its predecessors.

A wide choice, bewildering beyond description, is spread out for inspection, and the woman who is quite up-to-date selects one for every afternoon costume, and two or three plain ones for morning use. If money is no object, she has costly jewelled handles, but whether they are jewelled or not, the price of some of these feminine confections could play havoc with the whole yearly dress allowance that some women have to spend. The club handle in light wood is good style, but it does not seem to matter very much what you choose, either in handles or covering, for there is literally everything in sight. Plain colored silks, dotted with white silk polka dots, are pretty for morning use. Then there are striped and flowered silks and a dainty combination of white taffeta and flowered chine. The former, tucked around in groups of three fine tucks with applique lace between, extends half way down from the ferrule, where the flowered silk joins under a row of lace.

Parasols of plain silk closely covered with bits of silk shaped like a rose leaf are one of the special novelties. The leaves are edged around with a ruche of narrow ribbon and sewn on closely together, each row overlapping the other from the edge to the top. White silk parasols are covered with shirrings and frills of chiffon, either plain or decorated with applique lace, and usually there is a large fluffy rosette of chiffon at the top. Black lace designs are applied to white chiffon with striking effect, and sometimes a color is set in under the lace. White point d'esprit covers some of the fancy parasols and you see this in combination with a net work of white chenille. Designs of embroidery in colored silks on lace net are on a parasol of Persian silk.

The fashionable coaching parasol is quite plain, at least the outline must be plain, but many of them are embroidered and trimmed with braid. A scalloped edge finished with a silk cord is especially good style, and if you want the very swell thing get a red coaching parasol with an ebony handle topped with a gold ball, on which engrave your initials in black, and instead of a tassel where the rib ends meet have a black ribbon tied and the ends decorated with any little gold ornament you may possess, a rabbit, for example, and a gold melon on the other end. Blue and green silk parasols covered with a scroll design in white braid come under the head of coaching sunshades, and then others are covered with a Persian foulard which resembles panne velvet. The white silk parasol dotted with black and edged around with rows of narrow fringe is also a popular style.

The real novelty of the season is the green silk golf parasol with a golf stick for a handle. It is larger than other parasols and is, what so many others are not, a strictly useful article.—*New York Sun.*

"Yes, I found the editor in." "How did he strike you?" "He did it so quickly I don't know."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



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"RED LION BRAND,"

Its purity we guarantee. Its wholesomeness is beyond question. Its palatableness is shown at the first taste.

Its cost is less than the imported brands. It's as good as any ale brewed.

If your grocer or liquor dealer cannot supply you telephone brewery direct, Kinloch D 1344.

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And their popularity in the prominent Hotels, Restaurants and Clubs is due to the ingenious method of their manufacture.

In order to preserve the delicate flavor and the aroma of a perfect peanut, they are toasted on wire pans over an open fire. The operation is similar to the broiling of steak, and the effect is the same in the retention in the peanut of those essences which are as charming in their way and as easily destroyed as the perfume of a flower.

Salted Peanuts are petite, but very appealing.

Manufactured only by

GEO. A. BAYLE, St. Louis.

She'd find it: "Doctor, my wife has lost her voice; what can I do about it?" "Go home late some night."—*Collier's Weekly.*

Grandfather clocks with full Wellington and Westminster chimes, in mahogany and antique oak, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

Ideals realized: Rev. Dr. Joyner—"And so you two are making life one grand, sweet song?" Rattles—"Yes, doctor, a reg'lar opera; with frantic calls for the author when the baby cries."—*Brooklyn Life.*

DAD'S STRENGTHENING DETS

WHAT IS A DET?

A Det is a TINY RED PILL, made ONLY by the DAD CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK. It has peculiar properties. It not only causes the Stomach and Liver to do their proper duty, but it also tones the heart and nerves, and strengthens the whole system—hence, it is

AN ABSOLUTE SPECIFIC

FOR

COLDS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION,
AND SHATTERED NERVES.

25 Cents a Bottle.

At Druggists.

THE CASTLE SQUARE FAREWELL.

A grand gala farewell week will be opened Monday evening at Music Hall with "Il Trovatore," the first of a repertoire of five of the greatest successes of the season given by the Castle Square Opera Company. But one presentation of "Il Trovatore" will be given and that on Monday night with a cast embracing the favorites of the roles of the former productions, notably Mr. Sheehan, Miss Norwood and Miss Linck. The other roles are also in equally competent hands as has been evidenced by the appearances of the singers in them previously at Music Hall. Following is the cast: Leonora, Adelaide Norwood; Inez, Della Niven; Azucena, Mary Linck; Ferrando, Francis J. Boyle; Count di Luna, W. W. Hinshaw; Manrico, Joseph F. Sheehan; Ruiz, W. H. Grimke; An old Gypsy, Richard Jones.

Tuesday evening the bill will be changed to "Lucia di Lammermoor," and this opera also will be given but once, the evening indicated. The success of the opera at its former presentations promises it a welcome on this, its last performance of the season, especially as the cast is practically the same as when it scored its former success, Miss de Treville being now, as then, the Lucy. At the former presentation Miss Maude Lillian Berri appeared in alternation with her, both title role singers winning exceptional favor. In other respects the cast is well chosen, judged by the former efforts of the principal's named. Following is the cast: Sir Edgar, Barron Berthald; Sir Arthur, A. Horty; Sir Henry, Harry Luckstone; Bide-the-Bent, Francis J. Boyle;

Norman, D. J. McCaffrey; Lucy, Yvonne de Treville; Alice, Della Niven.

The revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's old favorite, "The Mikado," on Wednesday, at the matinee and evening performances both, will be an exceptionally brilliant one. As a favor to many friends who have requested him to appear once more in the role, Mr. Joseph F. Sheehan will take the role of Nanki Poo for both performances and this feature alone will make the presentations most interesting. In addition there will be Miss Gertrude Quinlan as Pitti Sing. Her success in the part is not forgotten and she will, for these two performances alone, make the trip from New York in order that the cast may be the same as before when the production scored one of the greatest hits of the season. In addition to these features of the presentation there will be Mr. Edw. P. Temple as Ko Ko. Mr. Temple was for eight years connected with the Gilbert & Sullivan productions in London and there gained a knowledge of the methods of the masters of modern comic opera. The production will also be given this time with a feature not introduced the last time, but which has long been a feature of London presentations of the comic opera, a brass band on the stage, in addition to the orchestra. Following is the cast: Yum-Yum, Adelaide Norwood; Pitti Sing, Gertrude Quinlan; Peep Bo, Lillian Lancaster; Katisha, Della Niven; Mikado, Francis J. Boyle; Pooh Bah, W. W. Hinshaw; Pish Tush, Richard Jones; Nanki Poo, Joseph F. Sheehan; Ko-Ko, Edw. P. Temple; Nee Ban, Edw. G. Kissam.

Thursday evening and Saturday matinee "Faust" will be given with a very strong

cast at each presentation. A notable incident in connection with the presentation will be the appearance, for one performance of Mr. James J. Rohan, the well-known local baritone, as Valentine. Mr. Rohan's ability and vocal powers are well known in St. Louis and he has made an especial study of the role which he will essay. For this reason his operatic debut with the Castle Square Opera Company will be most interesting to his friends. Mr. W. H. Clarke, who will be the Mephisto of the cast has an exceptional reputation in this role, and his appearance in the character will be a feature in itself. Mr. Sheehan as Faust, Miss Treville as Marguerite, Miss Linck as Siebel, and others equally favorably known to Music Hall audiences, round out the cast in brilliant manner. Following is the cast: Faust, Joseph F. Sheehan; Mephistopheles, W. H. Clarke; Valentine, Homer Lind, James J. Rohan; Wagner, Frank H. Belcher, Richard Jones; Marguerite, Yvonne de Treville; Siebel, Mary Linck, Rose Campbell; Martha, Della Niven.

The crowning glory of the week promises to be the revival of "Aida" with all its magnificence of scenery and pageantry, with a cast equal in every respect to that of the successful week's presentation some time since. The cast for the opera shows no change from that of the former production, while the same wealth of scenery and other stage accessories will be displayed. The brilliant pageant of Rhadames' return will be the same identically as before, over two hundred people appearing on the stage at one time in the production. Mr. Sheehan, as before, will be the Rhadames, with Miss Norwood as the Aida and Mary Linck

as Amneris. The other members of the cast are also the same as before, as noted. Following is the cast: Aida, Adelaide Norwood; King, W. W. Hinshaw; Amneris, Mary Linck; Rhadames, Joseph F. Sheehan, Rhys Thomas; Ramfis, Frank H. Belcher; Amonasro, Homer Lind; Priestess, Della Niven; Messenger, W. H. Grimke.

Thus will close the season of opera in English at Music Hall, the most remarkable musical event in the history of the city, a twenty-three weeks' consecutive run of productions which have been thoroughly well balanced and adequate in every respect. Such success augurs well for its resumption another winter with probably even greater success.

See the finest line of Sterling Silverware, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

The Tramp—"Will yer gimme something ter eat, lady?" *The Lady*—"You forgot to say 'please.'" *The Tramp*—"Scuse me, ma'am; yer see, I'm de original Absent-Minded Beggar!"—*Town Topics*.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TOLSTOI'S "RESURRECTION."

REPLY TO THE "MIRROR'S" CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

If I had not read Tolstoi's book, nor knew of the great teacher, I should know, from your article in this week's MIRROR, on his book "Resurrection," that this man Tolstoi must be a great teacher, a man with the reform idea, to be called "a crazy genius," the grander the crazier. They were all crazy to their contemporaries, Moses, Buddha, Christ, Galileo and all of them—it truly "takes the perspective to sum the result." But it is human nature, after all, to distrust ideas out of the common, and the makers of such ideas must wear their laurel with the bitter thorns. The child instinctively dislikes his teacher, the man the wiser one with his ready focus of criticism. You say, according to Tolstoi's idea, what Jesus would do would be nothing at all, and it takes 519 pages in "Resurrection" to say so. Would it not be fairer to say Tolstoi would bring reformation down to an individual question, as Jesus did, and would not that theory reform the world? True, this accords with your further saying that Tolstoi is a first-class egoist. But should not every right-minded man be that? Is "he not greater that ruleth himself than he that taketh a city?" and if one man so rules himself will it devolve upon his brother for further ruling? All relation must be egoistic, either for truly selfish, base ends, or for higher hopes. Consequently, is not Tolstoi right in disinfecting egotism. He teaches self immolation by the guiding of the true self. Isn't this the basis of his egoism and wouldn't the world be better were there more true egoists and prophets like Tolstoi in the 19th Century? I deny the pessimism you allege. What casts a brighter light than a great and an upright man? And what would the Tolstolian theories do to individual lives, if carried out, but make such men? Where, then, is your pessimism? The setting of the book "Resurrection," with its local coloring of horrors and injustice, shows a huge shadow of unhappiness far over the world, but it only shows it; it does not create the shadow. From behind the darkness the mind of this brilliant ego shines with a solution for its misery. A magnifying glass does not alter the bacteria we gaze at, only making them clearer, and is not this mind in dark Russia that is throwing brilliant lights, in the position of a powerful glass for the world to use? Yes, the world will use it some day. One scoffs when one should kneel and dislike takes the place of gratitude to our living teachers—the old ones and those to come we respect. Tolstoi's latest book is true art, for does it not bring home to men and women that they must first make themselves clean before they can serve others. For what is art but his own definition? "Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man, consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings and also experience them."

You sum up and dispose of this book as an attack on society, government, art and property—the very things this grand old man has given his life study to solving in their relative positions to mankind. The book "Resurrection" is not literally his masterpiece; it is the child of his old age, but it contains the sum of his

life's thoughts. It is one of the last sounds to the world of a voice that will soon cease ringing, but its theories are deathless, and voices will pick up the refrain where now but the one is heard. The old man, not unlike Moses, strong in his stronghold of right, speaks to the world, condensing his theories in this, his last, book. Right he is to himself and, if to the world, the world will, in time, accept its truth.

Your criticism is illogical, inconsistent and reflects a lack of thoughtful forecasting into future conditions of sociology, which conditions are manifest to many, but like all processes of human evolution, they are now embryo, needing only time in which to assume a potent state. Tolstoi is not a pessimist. His teachings are high and far beyond the present body-moral. Your criticism suffers under analysis, also, while doing a great injustice to the greatest living teacher of men.

H. Cecile Kelley.

West 83d St., New York City, March 31st.

Mrs. Qui-Vive—"Dear Mr. Surplice, I can't make up my mind what Lenten sacrifice will be the most acceptable." Mr. Surplice—"Ah!—oh!—well—dear madam—suppose you give up trying to run the church."

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Pearl Lemon Punch and Peach Punch.

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Ask your grocer for them, or send to us direct. Case of 4 bottles, \$4.75; Single bottles, \$1.25. Delivered free. Mail orders given prompt attention.

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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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Bremen Brewery,
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BEST OF ALL, AS USUAL.

The A. B. C. BUCK,

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On Tap at All Customers'

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Orders for the A. B. C. BUCK in bottles will receive prompt attention.

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Never in the history of this house have we shown such a magnificent exposition of Spring and Summer Merchandise, showing a brilliant reflection of the first blush of the new Spring. Special Bargain Attractions will be made in all our departments, and for this week's selling we name prices that will cause amazement, quote values that are convincing, and give Bargains that will surely accomplish for us a BIG WEEK'S BUSINESS that will BEAT THE RECORD.

Rich and Elegant Showing of

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For \$2.98—Ladies' fine covert cloth fly-front Jackets, all lined through—our Special Jacket Bargain. These jackets were bought to sell for \$5.75.

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For \$6.98—Ladies' Tan Venetian Cloth Skirts, handsomely appliqued back and front, box-pleated back, would be cheap at \$9.50.

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Here is a Tremendous Throng-Bringing Suit Bargain.

A \$3.98 Suit—150 Ladies' Suits, Etons, fly-front, double-breasted, some braided, some plain, colors, tan, brown, gray, blue, red, castor and cadet, were \$9.98 to \$15.00, made of very fine Venetian cloth, homespun, chevots and mixed cloth; jackets taffeta and silk Romaine lined.

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For \$7.50—175 Ladies' Fine Suits, made of Venetian Cloth, Homespuns, Serges and Chevots, colors, tan, gray, black, blue, brown and castor. This is a grand Suit Bargain. These suits were \$20.00, to \$27.50, made in all the latest styles, Etons, fly-fronts, double-breasted and tight-fitting, some silk-lined others with silk-lined jackets. Remember, the price is only \$7.50.

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Here we have amassed the wealth of the world's best weaves. All the soft and exquisitely rich fabrics that the season's fashion designers demand. Here are the most superb values, all wonderfully priced.

39c—For Fancy Plaid Suiting, crepe weave, including the most popular colorings, early price was 55c.

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24-inch Printed Twilled Foulard, all new designs and colors; regular price 90c this week.....75c

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Special offering—All confined styles of Fancy Silk Taffetas; for Ladies' Waists; all new designs, and can be had only at D. Crawford's, value \$1.50 to \$2.50; our Special Price.....\$1.00 to \$1.25

50 pieces Fancy Taffeta for Waists, would be cheap at \$1.00; our price.....75c

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21-inch All-Silk Peau de Soie, French make, \$1.39 quality, for.....\$1.00

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Extra quality French Peau de Soie, the best silk made for wear; \$2.00 quality, for.....\$1.39

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Very Handsome to wear Trimmed Hats, in all colors, special at.....\$1.95, \$2.29, \$3.95

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Baby Mull Caps.....19c

FLOWERS.

American Beauty Roses.....48c, 35c and 19c

Foliage.....39c, 25c 15c and 10c

Beautiful large Poppies, 6 in bunch, value 75c and \$1.25, special at.....45c and 25c

Wheat, natural and colors.....25c and 19c

IMPORTANT SALE OF

Linens and Housekeeping Goods.

Wise folks will benefit by this remarkable opportunity of Linens at less than to-day's landing cost. We quote prices that mean a big crowd this week.

50 sets Tablecloth and one dozen Napkins to match, colored borders, with fringe, size 8-4x10-4, were \$4.50, now per set.....\$2.75

85 sets Tablecloth and one dozen Napkins to match, colored border, with fringe, size 8-4x12-4, were \$5.50, now per set.....\$3.75

36 sets Tablecloth and one dozen Napkins to match, colored border with fringe, two separate rows of hemstitch, fine quality of damask, size 8-4x10-4, were \$7.75, now per set.....\$5.00

40 sets Tablecloth and one dozen Napkins to match, two separate rows of hemstitch, size 8-4, worth \$5.00, for this week, per set.....\$3.75

24 sets Hemstitched Tablecloth and one dozen Napkins to match, fine quality of damask, size 9-4x12-4, worth \$9.00, this week, per set.....\$6.75

15 pieces 70-inch wide full bleached Satin Finish Table Damask, worth 65c a yard, for this week, per yard.....49c

20 pieces double Satin Damask, full bleached, 72 inches wide, extra heavy quality, all linen, regular value \$1.35 a yard, for this week \$1.00 a yard; 3/4 size Napkins to match, worth \$4.50, for this week, per dozen.....\$3.75

100 pieces Crash Toweling, for this week, only, per yard.....2 1/2c

50 pieces brown linen Crash Toweling, extra heavy, worth 7 1/2c, for this week, per yard.....5 1/2c

48 pieces of Twilled bleached linen Crash Toweling, worth 10c a yard, for this week, per yard.....7 1/2c

All-linen bleached Crash, for towels, the 12 1/2c quality, for this week at, per yard.....9c

Best quality of all-linen Barnsley Bleached Crash, worth 17 1/2c per yard, for this week, per yard.....12 1/2c

200 dozen 20x40 inch size bleached Huck Towels, colored broche border, were 19c for this week, each.....12 1/2c

150 dozen German damask fringed Towels, size 18x40 inches, worth 18c, for this week, each.....12 1/2c

Two Specials in

WHITE BED SPREADS.

200 full size Crochet Spreads, hemmed and ready for use, worth \$1.00, for this week, each.....75c

250 extra size fringed Crochet Bed Spreads, for iron or brass beds, the \$1.25 kind, this week for.....\$1.00

Renaissance and Mexican Drawn Work.

Just received one lot of an importer's sample pieces of Renaissance and Mexican Drawn Work, consisting of squares, center pieces, scarfs, lunch cloths, oblongs and doilies, will be put on sale at our Linen Department this week at just one-half their actual value.

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